THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING

LETTERS TO AND FROM MR. POPE.

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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOL. V.

CONTENTS of VOL. V.

LETTERS to and from H. CROMWELL, Esq; From 1708, to 1711.

		Page
Let. I.	To Mr. Cromwell,	1
II.	To the ſame,	2
III.	To the ſame,	3
IV.	Concerning the firſt publication of the Author's poems,	*ib.*
V.	Of his tranſlation of the firſt book of Statius,	5
VI.	Of his juvenile poems,	8
VII.	Criticiſm on Statius,	10
VIII.	Of Mr. Wycherley's coldneſs,	12
IX.	Of the general conduct and inequality of mens lives,	15
X.	The uſe of poetical ſtudies. A panegyric upon dogs,	17
XI.	Of the taſte of country-gentlemen,	21
XII.		22
XIII.	After an illneſs. The obſcurity of a country-life,	23
XIV.	On the ſame ſubject. Concerning Rondeaus,	25
XV.	From Mr. Cromwell. On Priam's ſpeech to Pyrrhus in Virgil,	28
XVI.	Anſwer to the ſame,	*ib.*
XVII.	Criticiſm about an elegy of Ovid,	30
XVIII.	On ſickneſs and diſappointment,	31
XIX.		33
XX.	Of Philips's paſtorals,	35
XXI.	From Mr. Cromwell. On a paſſage in Lucan,	37

XXII. Anſwer to the former, with another criticiſm on Lucan, 38
XXIII. From Mr. Cromwell, 40
XXIV. 41
XXV. From Mr. Cromwell, 42
XXVI. Obſervations on Crawſhaw's poems, 43
XXVII. Concerning laughter, 45
XXVIII. From Mr. Cromwell, 47
XXIX. Of the ſtudy of poetry; Mr. Wycherly, etc. 48
XXX. From Mr. Cromwell, 50
XXXI. 51

LETTERS to ſeveral LADIES.

LET. I. 53
II. 54
III. 56
IV. 57
V. 58
VI. 59
VII. To a Lady from Bath, 60
VIII. To the ſame, 61
IX. 63
X. 64
XI. To Mrs.—— on the Earl of Oxford's behaviour, apprehenſions of commotions, army in Hyde-Park, 67
XII. Praiſe of a country-life. Concern for the ſeparation of friends. The comforts of integrity and independency. 68
XIII. 70
XIV. 72
XV. Deſcription of a journey to Oxford, and manner of life there. 73
XVI. Of a lady's ſickneſs, 75
XVII. Witty letters undervalued in compariſon of ſincere ones, 76
XVIII. On the ſame ſubject, to the Hon. Mrs H. 77

XIX. To an unfortunate lady, 79
XX. To a lady abroad, 80
XXI. To the ſame, 83
XXII. To the ſame, 85
XXIII. To Mrs. Arabella Fermor, on her marriage, 88

LETTERS to and from Sir WILLIAM TRUMBUL. From 1705 to 1716.

LET. I. From Sir William Trumbull on occaſion of Milton's Juvenilia, encouraging the author to publiſh his, 89
II. From Sir William Trumbull. Of his firſt tranſlation of Homer, 90
III. From Sir William Trumbull. On the Rape of the Lock, 91
IV. Againſt compliment and vanity; the praiſe of ſincerity and friendſhip, 92
V. Concerning the tragedy of Cato, 94
VI. From Sir William Trumbull, 95
VII. Againſt the violence of parties, and the praiſe of general benevolence, 96
VIII. From Sir William Trumbull. Of an epigram in Martial, on a happy old age, 97

LETTERS to and from ſeveral PERSONS. From 1711 to 1714.

LET. I. To the Hon. J. C. Eſq. Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, 99
II. To the ſame. On a paſſage in the ſame Eſſay, 102
III. To the ſame, againſt party-ſpirit, 104
IV. To my Lord Lanſdown, 107
V. The Hon. J. C. to Mr. Pope concerning Betterton's remains, Rape of the Lock, etc. 108
VI. The anſwer, 109

VII. To —— on returning his letters, 110
VIII. From the Lord Lansdown, 112
IX. To General Anthony Hamilton, on his having translated the Essay on Criticism into French verse, 113

LETTERS to and from Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, Mr. CONGREVE, etc.

From 1712 to 1715.

LET. I. Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope. Of Sir Charles Sedley's death. The author's eclogue on the Messiah, 115
II. Concerning a public, private, or mixed life, 116
III. Of sickness and dying young, 117
IV. On the Emperor Adrian's verses on his deathbed, 119
V. From Mr. Steele, 121
VI. The answer, *ib.*
VII. Of the Emperor Adrian, 122
VIII. From Mr. Steele, 123
IX. *ib.*
X. On Dennis's remarks on Cato, 124
XI. From Mr. Addison. Concerning Mr. Pope's translation of Homer, 126
XII. From Mr. Addison. On the same, 127
XIII. Against party-spirit, *ib.*
XIV. Of the freedom of a friend, the incongruity of man, and the vanity of the world, 129
XV. Of the version of Homer: Party-animosity, 131
XVI. Concerning some misunderstandings, 133
XVII. To the Hon. —— concerning Mr. Addson, Philips's calumny, and Mr. Gay's pastorals, 135
XVIII. The vanity of poetical fame, serious thoughts, 136

XIX.

XIX. Concerning the tranſlation of Homer, 138
XX. To Mr. Jervas, of the ſame, 140
XXI. To the ſame, on the equal and eaſy terms of friendſhip, 141
XXII. Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope, concerning Mr. Addiſon, 142
XXIII. The anſwer, 144
XXIV. Mr. Pope to the Earl of Halifax, 145
XXV. Dr. Parnelle, Dr. Berkley, Mr. Gay, and Dr. Arbuthnot; concerning Mr. Pope's Homer, 146
XXVI. To the Hon. James Craggs, Eſq. on the ſame, 149
XXVII. To Mr. Congreve, of ſincerity; the ſcurrilities of abuſive critics; what ought to be the temper of an author, 150
XXVIII. To the ſame, of the farce called The What-d'ye-call-it, 152
XXIX. To the ſame, 153
XXX. From Mr. Congreve, 155

LETTERS to and from ſeveral PERSONS. From the year 1714 to 1721.

LET. I. From the Rev. Dean Berkley to Mr. Pope. Of the Rape of the Lock; the ſtate of learning in Italy, 157
II. Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas, 158
III. To the ſame, 160
IV. To the ſame, 161
V. The Hon. Mr. Craggs to Mr. Pope, 163
VI. To Mr. Fenton. Concerning Mr. Secretary Craggs's advice to him to write. The author's manner of paſſing his time, 164
VII. From Dean Berkley. A deſcription of the iſland Inarime. Character of the Italians, 166

VIII. Mr. Pope to —— the author building and planting. Death of ſeveral, and particularly of Dr. Garth, 168
IX. To Mr. —— on the circuit, 171
X. To the Earl of Burlington, an account of a journey to Oxford with Bernard Lintot, a bookſeller, 172
XI. To the Duke of Buckingham, in anſwer to his letter on Buckingham-houſe, 176
XII. From the Duke of Buckingham to Mr. Pope, on the diſpute in France concerning Homer, 181
XIII. Anſwer to the former, 186
XIV. From Dr. Arbuthnot, after the Queen's death, of the papers of Scriblerus and Dr. Swift, 188
XV. To Dr. Arbuthnot, on his return from France, and on the calumnies about the Odyſſey, 189
XVI. To Robert Earl of Oxford, 190
XVII. The Earl of Oxford's anſwer, 191

LETTERS to and from EDWARD BLOUNT, Eſq. From 1714 to 1725.

LET. I. Of the geography of Homer, a map done by the author. The ſtate of the times: The ſiege of Barcelona, the Queen's death, the condition of the Engliſh Roman-Catholics, 193
II. From Mr. Blount. Anſwer to the former. His temper in religion and politics, 195
III. From Mr. Blount. His diſpoſition to quiet: Reflections on the affair of Preſton: An invitation into the country, 197
IV. An account of the death of Mr. Wycherley, 198

V. Contemplations on the pleaſures of ſeparate ſpirits, on the narrow conceptions of men, the vanity of human knowledge, the variety of opinions in religion, and the great duty of charity, 200
VI. Conſolations under perſecution: The duty of mutual aſſiſtance: Univerſal charity. The author leaving Windſor-foreſt, 202
VII. From Mr. Blount, 205
VIII. After the affair of Preſton. The author's removal, change of life, and reſignation to it, 206
IX. To Mr. Blount after his retirement into Flanders. On the hiſtory of Jeffery of Monmouth, etc. 207
X. On the death of the author's father, 209
XI. To Mr. Blount, 210
XII. On Mr. Blount's recovery from an illneſs: Advice to ſell his eſtate, 211
XIII. Of his manner of life in the country, and of the author's near the town, 212
XIV. A deſcription of a grotto, 214
XV. On the approach of winter, hoſpitality, and a cheerful family, 216

LETTERS to and from the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1717 to 1724.

LET. I. After a fit of ſickneſs. Of the tragedy of Gorboduc. The author's progreſs in tranſlating Homer's Iliad, 218
II. Excuſe for writing careleſsly: The humours of the town, 219
III. From Mr. Digby. Anſwer to the former, 221
IV. On the finiſhing his tranſlation of the Iliad.

Iliad. His ſituation at Twickenham. Planting. The death of a friend, 222
V. From Mr. Digby. Anſwer to the former, 224
VI. From Mr. Digby. On the South-ſea-year, 225
VII. Anſwer to the former, 226
VIII, IX. From Mr. Digby. On the ſame ſubject, 227, 228
X. Character of Dr. Arbuthnot and his brother. Death of a friend, 229
XI. Character of the Digby family, 230
XII. Lord Bathurſt's wood: The camp in Hyde-park: The Biſhop of Rocheſter's converſation, 231
XIII. A winter-invitation to a fire-ſide, 233
XIV. From Mr. Digby. A letter of friendſhip: The diſadvantages of an ill-conſtitution. Conſolation in friends of integrity. Their manner of life in the country preferred to that in the town, 234
XV. On the ſame ſubject, 236
XVI. 238
XVII. On the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas: Cuſtoms of hoſpitality: Charity and good works where they are yet ſubſiſting, 240
XVIII. To the Hon. Edward Digby on his brother's death, 241

LETTERS to and from Dr. ATTERBURY, Biſhop of ROCHESTER.
From 1716 to 1723

LET. I. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter, concerning Mr. Pope's general preface to his works, 243
I. From the ſame, 244
III. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. On occaſion of the death of Mr. Pope's father, 245

IV. The anſwer, 246
V. On the fate of the South-ſea, 249
VI. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Of Mr. Dryden's monument: The Arabian Tales: The South-ſea ſcheme, 250
VII. From the ſame. On a manuſcript of Huetius, and the epitaph on Mr. Harcourt, 253
VIII. From the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, on the epitaph of his ſon, 255
IX. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. On his ill health. Waller's verſes on ſickneſs. Mr. Prior's funeral, 256
X. From the ſame. His love of the country. A paſſage in Tully. Of Shakeſpear, and the publication of Mr. Addiſon's works, 257
XI. To the Biſhop of Rocheſter, 260
XII. From the Biſhop. On a character drawn by the author, *ib.*
XIII. To the Biſhop in the country: Wiſhes for his quiet, 261
XIV. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter, his deſire of quiet, and love of books, 262
XV. An invitation to Twickenham: The vanity and emptineſs of the world, 263
XVI. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. An anſwer to the former. His diſlike of great men: Preparation for his burial-place in Weſtminſter-abbey, 265
XVII. From the ſame, on the ſame ſubject. The ſtate of his mind, and the world's miſtake of his character, 266
XVIII. From the ſame. More concerning men of quality. Of Milton's manuſcript, and Agoniſtes, 268
XIX. The Duke of Marlborough's funeral. The author's reſolution to keep clear of flattery, 269

XX. From the Biſhop. Anſwer to the former. Application of ſome verſes of Horace to the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, 270
XXI. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter in the Tower, 272
XXII. The anſwer, 273
XXIII. The Author's laſt letter to the Biſhop of Rocheſter, 275
XXIV. From the Biſhop of Rocheſter, 277
XXV. On the death of his Daughter, 280

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

H. CROMWELL, Esq;

From the Year MDCCVIII to MDCCXI.

LETTER I.

March 18, 1708.

I Believe it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whoſe loſs itſelf they do not ſo much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I gueſs you will expect me to recant this expreſſion, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heatheniſh name you have chriſtened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town ſtill, and I have my heart in the country ſtill, which being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your ſervice. You have extremely obliged me by your frankneſs and kindneſs; and if I have abuſed it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openneſs of my temper, which hardly knows how to ſhow reſpect, where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my miſtreſs, without ceremony: And hope a little rough uſage ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curioſity to know in what manner I live, or rather loſe a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quieſco.

Every day with me is literally another yeſterday,

for it is exactly the same: It has the same business, which is Poetry, and the same pleasure, which is Idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shopkeepers are glad to be rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you must needs be when you can find leisure to write to

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

April 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to say to you in this letter; but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers, who have written not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing; and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will say, the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about: But pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these somethings together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

LET-

LETTER III.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of antiquity: Pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but ſo many little living letters? What a vaſt reward is here for all the ink waſted by writers, and all the blood ſpilt by princes? There was in old time one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare ſay you never called him by any other name in your life: And yet in his days he was ſtyled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Auguſtus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waſte of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor ſurviving ſeven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I will be judged by you if any man could live in leſs compaſs? Well, for the future I will drown all high thoughts in the Lethe of cowſlip-wine; as for fame, renown, reputation, take them critics!

Tradam protervis in mare Criticum
Ventis.

If ever I ſeek for immortality here, may I be damned, for there is not ſo much danger in a Poet's being damned:

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.

LETTER IV.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I Have been ſo well ſatisfied with the country ever ſince I ſaw you, that I have not once thought of the town, or inquired of any one in it beſides Mr. Wycherley and yourſelf. And from him I under-

ſtand of your journey this ſummer into Leiceſterſhire; from whence I gueſs you are returned by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old buſineſs of comparing critics, and reconciling commentators, and to your old diverſions of loſing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre: Where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous ſpectators; and for the infirmity of one ſenſe *, which there, for the moſt part, could only ſerve to diſguſt you, enjoy the vigour of another which raviſhes you.

[† *You know, when one ſenſe is ſuppreſt,*
It but retires into the reſt.

according to the poetical, not the learned Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonſenſe!] So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulneſs of the ſtage. You are ſo good a critic, that it is the greateſt happineſs of the modern poets that you do not hear their works: and next, that you are not ſo arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the reſt) without hearing. But now I talk of thoſe critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myſelf, for which I expect you ſhould congratulate with me: It is, that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been moſt mercifully reprieved by the ſovereign power of Jacob Tonſon, from being brought forth to public puniſhment; and reſpited from time to time from the hands of thoſe barbarous executioners of the Muſes, whom I was juſt now ſpeaking of. It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themſelves into the hands of juſtice, only to prevent others from

* His hearing.
† Omitted by the author in his own edition.

doing

doing it more to their diſadvantage, and not out of any ambition to ſpread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe names very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonſon's, or the ordinary of Newgate's Miſcellanies.

I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which ſhall be deferred till I have the happineſs of ſeeing you in town, for the ſeaſon now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you paſſed your time the laſt ſeaſon: So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleaſure you could deſire from the country, and your own thoughts the beſt company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our foreſt, he continued (as you told me long ſince he would) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſpite of friendſhip and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all thoſe conſiderable qualities I know you poſſeſſed of, I ſhall add that of prophecy. But I ſtill believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am ſatisfied that he promiſes nothing but with a real deſign to perform it: How much ſoever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his ſincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmoſt that I am,

Sir, etc.

LETTER V.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had ſent you the inclos'd papers * before this time, but that I intended to have brought them

* This was a tranſlation of the firſt book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertiſement before the firſt edition of it in a Miſcellany publiſhed by B. Lintot, 8vo, 1711.

myſelf, and afterwards could find no opportunity of ſending them without ſuſpicion of their miſcarrying; not that they are of the leaſt value, but for fear ſome body might be fooliſh enough to imagine them ſo, and inquiſitive enough to diſcover thoſe faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I deſire you to be the more ſevere, as it is much more criminal for me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, than to do it in my own proper perſon. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire verſion of the firſt book. There is an omiſſion from the 168th line — *Jam murmura ſerpunt Plebis Ageñoreæ* — to the 312th — *Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris* — (between theſe * two Statius has a deſcription of the council of the gods, and a ſpeech of Jupiter; which contain a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence of this machine appears not till the ſecond book.) The tranſlation goes on from thence to the words, *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fiſty-cuffs between the two princes on a very ſlight occaſion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in ſo tempeſtuous a night, might have rendered them very unfit for ſuch a ſcuffle. This I had actually tranſlated, but was very ill ſatisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conſcience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words — *Hic primum luſtrare oculis*, &c. — to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none

* Theſe he ſince tranſlated, and they are extant in the printed verſion.

of

of the diſcreeteſt poets, though he was the beſt verſifier next Virgil: In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans), when he aſks his Muſe where to begin his Thebaid, and ſeems to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Ledæo*. When he comes to the ſcene of his poem, and the prize in diſpute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it.—*Pugna eſt de paupere regno.*— Very different from the conduct of his maſter Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the greatneſs of its ſubjects.—*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.* [Boſſu on Epic poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he ſays, *The whole world would be too ſmall a prize to repay ſo much impiety.*

Quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?

This was pretty well, one would think, already; but he goes on,

Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a poet think of but heaven itſelf for the prize! but what follows is aſtoniſhing.

Quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with ſo great a fall in any ancient author whatſoever. I ſhould not have inſiſted ſo much on the faults of this poet, if I did not hope you would take the ſame freedom with, and revenge it upon his tranſlator. I ſhall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amuſement to you, the rather becauſe I had the diſſatisfaction to hear

hear you have been confined to your chamber by an illneſs, which, I fear, was as troubleſome a companion as I have ſometimes been in the ſame place; where, if ever you found any pleaſure in my company, it muſt ſurely have been that which moſt men take in obſerving the faults and follies of another; a pleaſure, which, you ſee, I take care to give you even in my abſence.

If you will oblige me at your leiſure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me, for next to the pleaſure of ſeeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for ſpeaking of him, whoſe example as I am proud of following in all things, ſo in nothing more than in profeſſing myſelf, like him,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could ſend you either the Miſcellany *, or my continuation of the verſion of Statius. The firſt I imagined you might have had before now; but ſince the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, That authors in general are more ready to write nonſenſe than bookſellers are to publiſh it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verſes you ſee added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be ſevere upon them. 'Tis a mercy I do not aſſault you with a number of original ſonnets and epigrams, which our

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth volume of poetical miſcellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Paſtorals, and ſome verſions of Homer and Chaucer were firſt printed.

modern

modern bards put forth in the ſpring-time, in as great abundance as trees do bloſſoms, a very few whereof ever come to the fruit, and pleaſe no longer than juſt in their birth. They make no leſs haſte to bring their flowers of wit to the preſs, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they cannot get off their hands in the morning, are ſure to die before night. Thus the ſame reaſon that furniſhes Covent-garden with thoſe noſegays you ſo delight in, ſupplies the *Muſes Mercury* and *Britiſh Apollo* (not to ſay *Jacob*'s miſcellanies) with verſes. And it is the happineſs of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence apiece, has brought the noſegays of Parnaſſus to bear the ſame price; whereby the public-ſpirited Mr. Henry Hills of Black-friars has been the cauſe of great eaſe and ſingular comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounding in tranſitory coin, ſhould not be diſcontented (methinks) even though poems were diſtributed *gratis* about the ſtreets, like Bunyan's ſermons, and other pious treatiſes, uſually publiſhed in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you uſe with Sappho to croſs the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of raviſhing her:—I mean only (as Oldfox in the Plain Dealer ſays) through the ear, with your well-penned verſes. I wiſh you all the pleaſures which the ſeaſon and the nymph can afford; the beſt company, the beſt coffee, and the beſt news you can deſire: And what more to wiſh you than this, I do not know, unleſs it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verſes I ſend you: I promiſe you in return a great deal of deference to your judgement, and an extraordinary obedience to your ſentiments for the future, (to which, you know, I have been ſometimes a little refractory). If you will pleaſe to begin where you left off laſt, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately before, (which you will find corrected to your ſenſe ſince

your

your laſt peruſal), you will extremely oblige me, and improve my tranſlation. Beſides thoſe places which may deviate from the ſenſe of the author, it would be very kind in you to obſerve any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The Hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as poſſible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a profeſſed enemy: Though, I confeſs, I could not think it poſſible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is ſcarce any throughout his poems. I thought your obſervation true enough to be paſſed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduced to practice: But this example of one of the moſt correct and beſt of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very ſtrongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, ſeldom obſerved it.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

June 10, 1709.

I I have received part of the verſion of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be juſt, except where you cry out, (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry), *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have ſome fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt revolving years ſhall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact ſenſe of the words — *Certo reliqua ordine ducam* *. But the duration of the action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted againſt, as many things beſides in him; (which I wonder Boſſu has not obſerved); for inſtead of confining his narration to

* See Statius, book 1. ver. 302.

one

one year, it is manifeſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books. The narration begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to promote diſcord betwixt his ſons; afterward the poet expreſsly deſcribes their entering into the argument of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refuſal to reſign the throne. All this is in the firſt book; in the next Tydeus is ſent ambaſſador to Eteocles, and demands his reſignation in theſe terms,

Aſtriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torſit, et amiſſæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida triſtes
Exul agit caſus.

But Boſſu himſelf is miſtaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action, ſaying in book ii. cap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's rape, whereas the poet at moſt only deliberates whether he ſhould or not *:

Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expreſsly paſſes all this with a *longa retro ſeries*, — and ſays,

limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodæ confuſa domus.

Indeed there are numberleſs particulars blame-worthy in our author, which I have tried to ſoften in the verſion:

dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit iſthmus,

is moſt extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

* That was the ſame to Boſſu's purpoſe; which was only to ſhew, that there were epic poets ſo ignorant, or ſo negligent of compoſition, as not to know where their ſubject ſhould begin.

Vacua

Vacua cum ſolus *in aula*
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par *ſtare* caput.

In the journey of Polynices is ſome geographical errour;

In mediis audit duo litora campis

could hardly be; for the iſthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: and *caligantes ábrupto ſole Mycenas*, is not conſiſtent with what he tells us in lib. iv. lin. 305. "that thoſe of Mycenæ came not to the war "at this time, becauſe they were then in confuſion "by the diviſions of the brothers, Atreus and Thy-"eſtes." Now, from the raiſing the Greek army againſt Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years.

Yours, etc.

LETTER VIII.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myſelf (as I had propheſied) all alone, in an uneaſy ſtage-coach, a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the leaſt hope of entertainment but from my laſt recourſe in ſuch caſes, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moraliſts, and had juſt received from them ſome cold conſolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to ſtop, and heard from the ſide of it the dreadful news of a ſick woman preparing to enter it. It is not eaſy to gueſs at my mortification; but being ſo well fortified with philoſophy, I ſtood reſigned with a Stoical conſtancy to endure the worſt of evils, a ſick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dreſs, that ſhe was young, and a gentlewoman; but no ſooner was her hood removed, but I ſaw one

of

of the fineſt faces I ever beheld, and, to increaſe my ſurpriſe, heard her ſalute me by my name. I never had more reaſon to accuſe nature for making me ſhort-ſighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair eyes which knew me ſo well, and was utterly at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf, till with a great deal of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let me know (even before I diſcovered my ignorance) that ſhe was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who having been conſulting her phyſicians in town, was returning into the country to try what good air and a huſband could do to recover her. My father, you muſt know, has ſometimes recommended the ſtudy of phyſic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a docter till this inſtant. I ventured to preſcribe ſome fruit, (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbidden her by her doctors, ſhe had the more inclination to. In ſhort, I tempted, and ſhe ate; nor was I more like the devil than ſhe like Eve. Having the good ſucceſs of the aforeſaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the galantry of the old ſerpent, and in ſpite of my evil form accoſted her with all the gaity I was maſter of; which had ſo good effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe grew pleaſant, her colour returned, and ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, my preſcription had wrought an immediate cure: In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has ſomething of the air of a romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of truths, that I think myſelf extremely obliged by you in all points; eſpecially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknowledge as the higheſt proof at once of your friendſhip, juſtice, and ſincerity. At the ſame time be aſſured, that gentleman we ſpoke of, ſhall never by any alteration in me diſcover my knowledge of his miſtake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return

I can poſſibly make him for ſo many favours: And I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more than himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be ſenſible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro!

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs, you have yourſelf obliged me more than any man, which is, that you have ſhewed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by ſo much the more you are a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your verſes, which I read in London, and ſince in the country, with more application and pleaſure: The thoughts are very juſt, and you are ſure not to let them ſuffer by the verſification. If you would oblige me with the truſt of any thing of yours, I ſhould be glad to execute any commiſſions you would give me concerning them. I am here ſo perfectly at leiſure, that nothing would be ſo agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at leaſt the ſatisfaction of your letters as long as we are abſent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very ſincerely,

Your, etc.

Having a vacant ſpace here, I will fill it with a ſhort Ode on Solitude, which I found yeſterday by great accident, and which I find by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my paſſion for a rural life, and in the ſame employments of it.

Happy

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter, fire.

Bleſs'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, piece of mind,
Quiet by day;

Sound ſleep by night: ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation,
And innocence which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER IX.

Auguſt 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but though the one be but too little for your good-nature, the other would be too much for your quiet, which is one bleſſing good-nature ſhould indiſpenſably receive from mankind, in return for thoſe many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in ſpeaking well of me in my abſence; the only thing by which you prove yourſelf no wit nor critic: Though indeed I have often thought, that a friend will ſhow juſt as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am abſent, as he does ſeverity to them when I am preſent. To be very frank with you, Sir, I muſt

own, that where I received ſo much civility at firſt, I could hardly have expected ſo much ſincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wiſh, that the laſt were but equal to the firſt, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, ſo you would omit nothing to improve me.

I cauſed an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you have left your ſpeculative angle in the Widow's coffeehouſe, and bidding adieu for ſome time to all the rehearſals, reviews, gazettes, &c. have marched off into Lincolnſhire. Thus I find you vary your life in the ſcene at leaſt, though not in the action; for though life, for the moſt part, like an old play, be ſtill the ſame, yet now and then a new ſcene may make it more entertaining. As for myſelf, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be a good merry farce, a G d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one, nor all of theſe; every actor is much better known by his having the ſame face, than by keeping the ſame character: For we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yeſterday Cæſar, is to-day Sir John Daw. So that one might aſk the ſame queſtion of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play, "Pray "do me the favour, Sir, to inform me, is this your "tragedy, or your comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe I perſuade myſelf it might be uſeful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourſelves at this great one. Here is a glorious ſtanding comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himſelf an unconcerned ſpectator. This (to our ſingular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herſelf can ever ſhut up, or ſilence:—* While that of Drury (alas!) lies deſolate, in the profoundeſt

* What follows to the end of this letter is omitted in the author's own edition.

peace:

peace: And the melancholy proſpect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no leſs moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium! What now can they hope, diſpoſſeſſed of their ancient ſeats, but to ſerve as captives to the inſulting victors of the Hay-market? The afflicted ſubjects of France do not, in our Poſtman, ſo grievouſly deplore the obſtinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as theſe periſhing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, diſdains all propoſals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been ſecretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-ſtreet; and a memorial, repreſenting the diſtreſſes of theſe perſons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a perſon of quality) out of his firſt miniſter the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the ſaid perſon of quality and others, on the part of the confederates, and his theatrical majeſty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as ſoon as it ſhall be tranſmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late congreſs, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of ſo many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reaſon.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I May truly ſay I am more obliged to you this ſummer than to any of my acquaintance; for had it not been for the two kind letters you ſent me, I had been perfectly *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis.* The only companions I had were thoſe Muſes of whom Tully ſays, *Adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur:* which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them: For

the Muſes, if you take them as companions, are very pleaſant and agreeable; but whoever ſhould be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *companion of obſcurity*, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long ſilence. However, the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of Virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am ſurpriſed at the danger, you tell me, he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation would have loſt in him, as much wit and probity, as would have remained (for ought I know) in the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me (ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you that there has not been wanting one, to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, though of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was uſed to do Mr. Wycherley in the town).

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject, which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as it is likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhaped. He is not much a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's

man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhows itſelf when he thinks me ill-uſed by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in St. James's Park.—Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of them, becauſe it is poſſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of Pylades and Oreſtes, etc. I will only ſay for the honour of dogs, that the two moſt ancient and eſteemable books, ſacred and profane, extant, (*viz.* the Scripture and Homer), have ſhewn a particular regard to theſe animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, becauſe there ſeemed no manner of reaſon to take notice of the dog, beſides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulyſſes's dog Argus is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the circumſtances conſidered, and an excellent proof of the old Bard's good-nature. Ulyſſes had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years, (which by the way is not unnatural, as ſome critics have ſaid, ſince I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when ſhe died: May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her ſucceſſors). You ſhall have it in verſe.

ARGUS.

When wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native coaſt
Long kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to aſk his bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,

Forgot

Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he ſaw — he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could), and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy — then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, purely to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his maſter acroſs the ſea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the *Dog's grave* to that part of the iſland where he was buried. This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite people of the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few ſuch) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriouſly called *the order of the elephant*) was inſtituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named *Wild-brat*, to one of their kings who had been deſerted by his ſubjects: He gave his order this motto, or to this effect, (which ſtill remains), *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir William Trumbull has told me a ſtory* which he heard from one that was preſent: King Charles I. being with ſome of his court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe

* Sir Philip Warwicke tells this ſtory in his Memoirs.

of

of dogs. Call me a Cynic, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, etc.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome ſcruple of ſending profane things to you in Holy Week. Beſides, our family would have been ſcandalized to ſee me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verſes. I aſſure you I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very well-diſpoſed perſon, no great hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble ſport, and only unhappy in my want of conſtitution for that, and drinking. They all ſay, it is pity I am ſo ſickly, and I think it is pity they are ſo healthy. But I ſay nothing that may deſtroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin author ſince I came down, but have learned without book a ſong of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be ſo miſerable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the parſon or me upon making ſome for them. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the beſt toping table of our gentry, who can roar out ſome rhapſodies of his works: So that in the ſame manner as it was ſaid of Homer to his detractors, What? dares any man ſpeak againſt him who has given ſo many men to *eat?* (meaning the rhapſodiſts who lived by repeating his verſes); thus may it be ſaid of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; Dares any one deſpiſe him, who has made ſo many men *drink?* Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I muſt ever pretend to. Neither you with your

your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuſe a board of juſtices and extraordinary 'ſquires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. Theſe things (they would ſay) are too ſtudious, they may do well enough with ſuch as love reading, but give us your ancient poet Mr. Durfey! It is mortifying enough, it muſt be confeſſed; but however let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us —— *Multi multa ſciunt, ſed nemo omnia*, as it is ſaid in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort: Send me elegies, and you ſhall not want heroics. At preſent, I have only theſe arguments in proſe to the Thebaid, which you claim by promiſe, as I do your tranſlation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*, — and the *ring*; the reſt I hope for as ſoon as you can conveniently tranſcribe them, and whatſoever orders you are pleaſed to give me ſhall be punctually obeyed by Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

May 10, 1710

I Had not ſo long omitted to expreſs my acknowledgments to you for ſo much good-nature and friendſhip as you lately ſhowed me; but that I am but juſt returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C*'s, who has done me ſo many favours, that I am almoſt inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your converſation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourſelf. I can aſſure you, he has a ſincere reſpect for you; and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon thoſe I converſe with. But I muſt now be contented to converſe only with the dead of the world, that is to ſay, the dull and obſcure, every way obſcure, in their intellects as well as their perſons: Or elſe have recourſe to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are ſo well acquainted, even from Virgil, down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means

to

to be compared to Mr. Dennis: And I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined, that he, who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants? and that enemy the gentlest too, the best-natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus; who seemed not more unlike himself, in the severity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber) will turn a resolute critic to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows, but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critic's severity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger, of old? In these fields, you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, etc.

LETTER XIII.

May 17, 1710.

AFter I had recovered from a dangerous illness, which was first contracted in town, about a fortnight

fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and * paper incloſed, which you had been ſo obliging as to deſire a ſight of when laſt I ſaw you, promiſing me in return ſome tranſlations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a ſyllable from your hands, ſo that it is to be feared, that though I have eſcaped death, I have not oblivion. I ſhould at leaſt have expected you to have finiſhed that elegy upon me, which, you told me, you was upon the point of beginning when I was ſick in London; if you will but do ſo much for me firſt, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at diſcretion, and at my leiſure. But I fear I muſt be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monſieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of ſacrilege (do you think it is not?) to ſteal epitaphs. In my preſent, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourſelf, and ſome others. They ſay indeed it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe on whom they conferred them: Then indeed I muſt be forgotten to all intents and purpoſes! I am, it muſt be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerſtaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a uſeleſs member of the commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue, if dead men are not civil to one another! If he who has nothing to do himſelf will not comfort and ſuppor another in his idleneſs: If thoſe who are to die themſelves, will not now and then pay the charity of viſiting a tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrowing a few flowers over him: In the ſhades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compaſſion for each other; being all alike *Inanes*;

* Verſes on ſilence, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old.

we ſaunter to one another's habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that, all alive as you are, you may not ſometimes diſdain — *deſipere in loco.* Though you are no Papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to the dead as to addreſs yourſelf to them (which I plainly perceive by your ſilence), yet I hope you are not one of thoſe heterodox, who hold them to be totally inſenſible of the good offices and kind wiſhes of their living friends, and to be in a dull ſtate of ſleep, without one dream of thoſe they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which aſſures you, I am ſtill, though in a ſtate of ſeparation,

Your, etc.

P. S. This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this ſentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.

LETTER XIV.

June 24, 1710.

IT is very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the perſons they love have nothing to do but to pleaſe them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my caſe when I wondered I did not hear from you; but I no ſooner received your ſhort letter, but I forgot your long ſilence: And ſo many fine things as you ſaid of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own ſickneſs, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. It was impoſſible you could have better timed your compliment on my philoſophy; it was certainly propereſt to commend me for it juſt when I moſt needed it, and when I could leaſt be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. It is not eaſy to ex-

preſs what an exaltation it gave to my ſpirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and it is no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were ſweeter than the ſweeteſt of his juleps and ſyrups. But if you will not believe ſo much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a ſoulagé dans ce moment;
Et dès qu'on me l'eſt venu faire
J'ai chaſſé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheleſs I would not have you entirely lay aſide the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do thoſe of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the ſubject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with ſome of my ſize; I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now, without vanity, eſteem myſelf the leaſt thing like a man in England, yet I cannot but be ſorry, two heroes of ſuch a make ſhould die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our ſize, had they met with theirs from an irruption of Cranes, or other warlike animals, thoſe ancient enemies to our Pygmæan anceſtors! You of a ſuperiour ſpecies little regard what befals us *homunciones ſeſquipedales*; however, you have no reaſon to be ſo unconcerned, ſince all phyſicians agree there is no greater ſign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs. I was the other day in company with a lady, who rallied my perſon ſo much, as to cauſe a total ſubverſion of my countenance: Some days after, to be revenged on her, I preſented her, among other company, the following rondeau on that occaſion, which I deſire you to ſhow Sappho.

You know where you did deſpiſe
(T'other day) my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,
And ſome things of little ſize,
You know where.

You,

You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize,
Is a thing of little size,
You know where.

This sort of writing, called the *rondeau*, is what I never knew practised in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in use with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. It is to be observed, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it round O, is a manifest corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of rondeau which the Gallic soldiers sung in Cæsar's triumph over Gaul — *Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and so derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: But this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the laws of the rondeau, as laid down by Clément Marot. If you will say, that the song of the soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinsius nor I can be of that opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, that you most easily forgive my impertinencies. It is only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull. I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

FROM Mr. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT laſt I have prevailed over a lazy humour to tranſcribe this elegy: I have changed the ſituation of ſome of the Latin verſes, and made ſome interpolations; but I hope they are not abſurd, and foreign to my author's ſenſe and manner: But they are referred to your cenſure, as a debt; whom I eſteem no leſs a critic than a poet: I expect to be treated with the ſame rigour as I have practiſed to to Mr. Dryden and you.

Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

I deſire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, in his ſpeech to Pyrrhus in the ſecond Æneid, ſays this to him,

At non ille, ſatum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's anſwer) only his degeneracy: But then theſe following lines of the verſion (I ſuppoſe from Homer's hiſtory) ſeem abſurd in the mouth of Priam, *viz.*

He cheer'd my ſorrows, and for ſums of gold
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector ſold.

I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

July 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the verſion you ſent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableneſs that charms us without correctneſs, like a miſtreſs, whoſe faults we ſee, but love her with them all. You have very judiciouſly altered his method in ſome places, and

and I can find nothing which I dare inſiſt upon as an errour: What I have written in the margins being merely gueſſes at a little improvement, rather than criticiſms. I aſſure you I do not expect you ſhould ſubſcribe to my private notions but when you ſhall judge them agreeable to reaſon and good ſenſe. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requiſite to make the one, and that I want almoſt all I can reckon up; but I am ſure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity, to be the other. Nor ſhall I take it at all amiſs, that another diſſents from my opinion: It is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in underſtanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himſelf, and finds ſomething or other ſtill to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have tranſlated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem.* The 8th of book iii. or the 11th of book iii. which are above all others my particular favourites, eſpecially the laſt of theſe.

As to the paſſage of which you aſk my opinion in the ſecond Æneid, it is either ſo plain as to require no ſolution; or elſe (which is very probable) you ſee farther into it than I can. Priam would ſay, that "Achilles (whom ſurely you only feign to be your "father, ſince your actions are ſo different from his) "did not uſe me thus inhumanly. He bluſhed at "his murder of Hector, when he ſaw my ſorrows "for him; and reſtored his dead body to me to be "buried." To this the anſwer of Pyrrhus ſeems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the ſhades, and "tell Achilles how I degenerate from him:" Granting the truth of what Priam had ſaid of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciouſly paſſes in ſilence, the circumſtance of Achilles's ſelling *for money* the body of Hector, ſeems not ſo proper; it in ſome meaſure leſſening the character of Achilles's ge-

neroſity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his ſon, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumſtance is no way to be queſtioned, being expreſsly taken from Homer, who repreſents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxiv. For when he gives the body, he uſes theſe words, "O my friend, Patroclus! forgive me "that I quit the corpſe of him who killed thee; I "have great gifts in ranſom for it, which I will be-"ſtow upon thy funeral."

I am, etc.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

LOoking among ſome French rhymes, I was agreeably ſurpriſed to find in the rondeau of * *Pour le moins* — your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; ſo much is your Muſe of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refined upon Voiture, whoſe *Ou vous ſavez* is much inferiour to your *You know where* — You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend ſays), but the whole reckoning; who can form ſuch pretty lines from ſo trivial a hint.

For my † elegy; it is confeſſed, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an aukward figure in the verſion. Your couplet of the dog-ſtar is very fine, but may be too ſublime in this place. I laughed heartily at your note upon Paradiſe; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden, is certainly moſt abſurd; but Xenophon in his Oeconomics, ſpeaking of a garden finely planted and watered, (as is here deſcribed), calls it *Paradiſos*: It is an interpo-

* In Voiture's poems.

† Ovid's amorum, l. ii. el. 16. Pars me Sulmo, etc.

lation

lation indeed, and ſerves for a gradation to the celeſtial orb; which expreſſes in ſome ſort the *Sidus Caſtoris in parte cœli* — How trees can enjoy, let the naturaliſts determine; but the poets make them ſenſitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. Virgil in his Georgics, lib. ii. Horace, ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus cœlebs evincet ulmos.* Epod ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine altas maritat populos.* Your critic is a very *Dulcepiccante*; for after the many faults you juſtly find, you ſmooth your rigour: But an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who ſo much eſteems and admires you, and who ſhall ever be

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Aug. 21, 1710.

YOur letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for ſince Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; though juſt before and once ſince, I writ to him, and though I know myſelf guilty of no offence but of doing ſincerely juſt what he * bid me — *Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greateſt injury he does me, is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very ſolicitous for, and very uneaſy in the fear of any indiſpoſition that may befal him. In what I ſent you ſome time ago, you have not verſe enough to be ſevere upon, in revenge for my laſt criticiſm: In one point I muſt perſiſt, that is to ſay, my diſlike of your Paradiſe, in which I take no pleaſure; I know very well that in Greek it is not only uſed by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in Engliſh it bears the ſignification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reaſon againſt making Ovid uſe it; who will be

* Correcting his verſes. See the letters in 1706, and the following years, of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope.

thought

thought to talk too much like a Chriſtian in your verſion at leaſt, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the reſt of my remarks, ſince you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be ſo civil as not to lay any ſtreſs upon them, (as I think, I told you before), and in particular in the point of *trees enjoying*, you have, I muſt own, fully ſatisfied me that the expreſſion is not only defenſible, but beautiful. I ſhall be very glad to ſee your tranſlation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, as ſoon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verſe or proſe, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my opinion can be of any ſort of conſequence in any thing), that I will never be unſincere, though I may be often miſtaken. To uſe ſincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced ſo much of it; and I need not tell you, how much I really eſteem you, when I eſteem nothing in the world ſo much as that quality. I know, you ſometimes ſay civil things to me in your epiſtolary ſtyle, but thoſe I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *admiring*; it is a word you are ſo uſed to in converſation of ladies, that it will creep into your diſcourſe, in ſpite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themſelves ſecure of admiration, commit a thouſand negligences, which ſhow them ſo much at diſadvantage and off their guard, as to loſe the little real love they had before; ſo when men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works, to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of. I am going to examplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by ſo much indulgence) ſome verſes of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner*; and

* One or two of theſe were ſince printed among other imitations done in his youth.

are,

are, perhaps, ſuch imitations as thoſe you ſee in aukward country-dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnſhire, they man ſave you one hour from the converſation of the country-gentlemen and their tenants, (who differ but in dreſs and name), which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worſe than my poetry. I hope your ſtay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time, I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never ceaſe to be)

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

Oct. 12, 1710.

I Deferred anſwering your laſt, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for ſome time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a deſign of ſeeing my friends there, among the firſt of which I have reaſon to account yourſelf. But my almoſt continual illneſſes prevent that, as well as moſt other ſatisfactions of my life. However, I may ſay one good thing of ſickneſs, that it is the beſt cure in nature for ambition, and deſigns upon the world or fortune: It makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be eaſy, by intervals, for the preſent. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumſtantial part and pomp of life to thoſe who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the miſtreſſes of their deſires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myſelf which I would be at the trouble of ſeeking, except a friend; a happineſs I once hoped to have poſſeſſed in Mr. Wycherley; but — *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* — I have for ſome years been employed much like children that build houſes with cards, endeavouring very buſily and eagerly to raiſe a friendſhip, which the firſt breath of any ill-natured by-

by-ſtander could puff away. — But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myſelf with thinking, of this ſubject.

I was mightily pleaſed to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me ſo far as France. You ſee it is with weak heads as with weak ſtomachs, they immediately throw out what they received laſt; and what they read, floats upon the ſurface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however, cannot be ſaid of the love-verſes I laſt troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the author, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it ſeems, ſearched in Waller, but ſearched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right, — for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me ſo freely, and it will ſave me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the ſeveral thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verſes, and have not forgot who promiſed me Ovid's elegy *Ad amicam navigantem.* Had Ovid been as long compoſing it, as you in ſending it, the lady might have ſailed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticiſm upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I deſire you to furniſh me with, as I do you in the town,

Sic ſervat ſtudii fœdera quiſque ſui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me, you met at Epſom) for telling you truth, as a man is in theſe days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I ſhould be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and eſteem for you.

Tecum

Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter diſponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria menſa.

By theſe *Epulæ*, as I take it, Perſius meant the Portugal ſnuff and burnt claret, which he took with his maſter Cornutus; and the *verecunda menſa* was, without diſpute, ſome coffeehouſe-table of the ancients.—I will only obſerve, that theſe four lines are as elegant and muſical as any in Perſius, not excepting thoſe ſix or ſeven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only ſuch in all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repeat the ſatisfaction deſcribed in them, being truly

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

Oct. 28, 1710.

I Am glad to find by your laſt letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, ſetting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I aſſure you, I never valued half ſo much as I do that ſincerity in you which they were the occaſion of diſcovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be truſted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry; ſince I ſhall do nothing with it but after aſking and following your advice. I value ſincerity the more, as I find, by ſad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verſes, even though themſelves pronounce ſentence upon them.—As to Mr. Philips's paſtorals, I take the firſt to be infinitely the beſt, and the ſecond the worſt; the third is for the greateſt part a tranſlation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not foreſtal your judgment of the reſt, only obſerve in that of the nightingale theſe lines

lines (ſpeaking of the muſician's playing on the harp),

Now lightly ſkimming o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
Like winds that gently bruſh the plying graſs,
And melting airs ariſe at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He ſinks into the chords, with ſolemn pace,
And gives the ſwelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for paſtoral, eſpecially being put into the mouth of a ſhepherd, as they are here; in the poet's own perſon they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of paſtoral he rather ſeems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better eclogues in our language. There is a ſmall copy of the ſame author publiſhed in the Tatler, No. 12. on the Daniſh winter: It is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your peruſal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not ſeen, but believe I ſhall be of that critic's opinion you mention at *Will*'s, who ſwore it was good: For, though I am very cautious of ſwearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more ſafely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your cenſure of the uſe of ſea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only becauſe Helenus was no great prophet in thoſe matters, but becauſe no terms of art or cant words ſuit with the majeſty and dignity of ſtyle which epic poetry requires. —— *Cui mens divinior atque os magna ſonaturum.* —— The Tarpawlin phraſe can pleaſe none but ſuch *qui aurem habent Batavam*; they muſt not expect *auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phraſes of Martial here very dexterouſly).

Though you ſay you did not rightly take my meaning in the verſe I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not

not explain it; becauſe, though it ſeems you are reſolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator. — And for another reaſon too, becauſe I have quite forgot both the verſe and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my moſt hearty ſervice to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, ſince he there told me he was going inſtantly out of town, and till his return was my ſervant, etc. I gueſs by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour; that is, aſſure him I have ever borne all the reſpect and kindneſs imaginable to him. I do not know to his hour what it is that has eſtranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more ſafely my friend, ſince no invitation of his ſhall ever more make me ſo free with him. I could not have thought any man ſo very cautious and ſuſpicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed to believe nobody, may be a maxim of ſafety, but not ſo much of honeſty. There is but one way I know of converſing ſafely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we ſay or do, but by ſaying or doing nothing that deſerves to be concealed; and I can truly boaſt this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealouſy, which is become his nature, and ſhall never be his enemy whatſoever he ſays of me.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5. 1710.

I Find I am obliged to the ſight of your love-verſes, for your opinion of my ſincerity; which had never been called in queſtion, if you had not

forced me, upon ſo many other occaſions, to expreſs my eſteem.

I have juſt read and compared * Mr. Rowe's verſion of the ixth of Lucan, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the prieſts; one where Cato ſays — *Sortilegis egeant dubii* — and one in the ſimile of the Hæmorrhois — *fatidici Sabæi* — He is ſo errant a Whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his author, in paſſion for liberty, and averſion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* ix. *in initio*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Rowe has this line,

Then looking down on the ſun's feeble ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an *error ſphæricus* in this or no?

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU miſtake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly uſed with my love-verſes, gave me the firſt opinion of your ſincerity: I aſſure you it only did what every good-natured action of yours has done ſince, confirmed me more in that opinion. The fable of the Nightingale in Philips's paſtorals is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the ſame ſubject, in his *Proluſiones Academicæ*; only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's concluſion of the *Culex*. I cannot forbear giving you a paſſage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the Engliſh poet is indebted to it.

* Pieces printed in the 6th volume of Tonſon's Miſcellanies.

Alternat

Alternat mira arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque, graves operoso verbere pulsat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem
Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæsim variat, moduliſque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

This poem was many years since imitated by Crashaw, out of whose verses the following are very remarkable:

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Rowe's ixth book of Lucan: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the version, as particularly in line 608. *Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci.*— And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the Latin,

Vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci,

no less than eight in English.

What you observe, sure, cannot be an *error sphæricus*, strictly speaking, either according to the Ptolemaic, or our Copernican system; Tycho Brahe himself will be on the translator's side. For Mr. Rowe here says no more, than that he looked down on the rays of the sun, which Pompey might do even though the body of the sun were above him.

You cannot but have remarked what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the sake of his fine

deſcriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reaſon than this;

Hæc eadem ſuadebet hiems, quæ clauſerat æquor.

The winter's effects on the ſea, it ſeems, were more to be dreaded than all the ſerpents, whirlwinds, ſands, etc. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his ſpeech to the ſoldiers: Then he fetches a compaſs a vaſt way round about, to the Naſamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles: And Labienus muſt pardon me, if I do not believe him when he ſays — *ſors obtulit, et fortuna viæ* — either Labienus or the map is very much miſtaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes, (which he might have taken firſt in his way to Utica), and ſo to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him; who ſeems to have made Cato ſpeak his own mind, when he tells his army — *Ire ſat eſt* — no matter whither. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE ſyſtem of Tyho Brahe (were it true, as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan, with the reſt of the Latin poets, ſeems to follow Plato, whoſe order of the ſpheres is clear in Cicero *De natura deorum*, *De ſomnio Scipionis*, and in Macrobius. The ſeat of the *ſemidei manes* is Platonic too, for Apuleius *De deo Socratis* aſſigns the ſame to the Genii, *viz.* the region of the air for their intercourſe with gods and men; ſo that, I fancy, Rowe miſtook the ſituation, and I cannot be reconciled to, *Lock down on the ſun's rays*. I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes, and wiſh you had told me, if the *ſortilegi*, and *fatidici*, could licenſe his invective againſt prieſts; but I ſuppoſe you think them (with

(with Helena) undeſerving your protection. I agree with you in Lucan's errours, and the cauſe of them, his poetic deſcriptions: For the Romans then knew the coaſt of Africa from Cyrene (to the ſouth-eaſt of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: But, pray, remember how your Homer nodded while Ulyſſes ſlept, and waking knew not where he was, in the ſhort paſſage from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's verſions for their juſtneſs; his pſalm is excellent, the prodigies in the firſt Georgic judicious, (whence I conclude that it is eaſier to turn Virgil juſtly in blank verſe than rhyme.) The eclogue of Gallus, and fable of Phaeton pretty well; but he is very faulty in his numbers; the fate of Phaeton might run thus:

The blaſted Phaeton with blazing hair,
Shot gliding through the vaſt abyſs of air,
And tumbled headlong like a falling ſtar.

I am Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make uſe of that freedom and familiarity of ſtyle, which we have taken up in our correſpondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you, without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the leaſt an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, it is a mercy on this occaſion that I do not give you an account of his life and converſation; as how he lived ſome years like an inchanted knight in a certain iſland, with a tale of a King of Denmark's miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs.——But I have compaſſion on you, and would not for the world you ſhould ſtay any longer among the *genii* and *ſemidei manes*, you know where; for if once you get ſo near the Moon, Sappho will want your preſence in the clouds and inferiour regions; not to mention the great loſs Drury-lane

will ſuſtain, when Mr. C—— is in the milky-way. Theſe celeſtial thoughts put me in mind of the prieſts you mention, who are a ſort of *ſortilegi* in one ſenſe, becauſe in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at beſt in an uncertainty, whereas the ſetters-up are ſure of ſomething. Prieſts indeed in their character, as they repreſent God, are ſacred; and ſo are conſtables as they repreſent the king; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeneſs in them. Yet I can aſſure you, I honour the good as much as I deteſt the bad, and, I think, that in condemning theſe we praiſe thoſe. The tranſlations from Ovid I have not ſo good an opinion of as you; becauſe I think they have little of the main characteriſtic of this author, a graceful eaſineſs. For, let the ſenſe be ever ſo exactly rendered, unleſs an author looks like himſelf, in his air, habit, and manner, it is a diſguiſe, and not a tranſlation. But as to the pſalm, I think David is much more beholden to the tranſlator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, ſo he has made the Jew ſpeak like a Roman.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 1710.

THE ſame judgment we made on Rowe's ixth of Lucan will ſerve for his part of the vith, where I find this memorable line,

Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atque virum.

For this he employs ſix verſes, among which is this,

As if on Knightly terms in liſts they ran,

Pray can you trace Chivalry up higher than Pharamond?

mond? will you allow it an anachroniſm?—Tickel in his verſion of the Phœnix from Claudian,

When Nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign.

Claudian thus,

Et clades te nulla rapit, ſoluſque ſuperſtes,
Edomitâ tellure, manes.

which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucalion and the conflagration of Phaeton; not to the final diſſolution. Your thought of the prieſts lottery is very fine: You play the wit, and not the critic, upon the errours of your brother.

Your obſervations are all very juſt: Virgil is eminent for adjuſting his diction to his ſentiments; and, among the moderns, I find you practiſe the Proſodia of your rules. Your poem * ſhews you to be, what you ſay of Voiture—*with books well bred:* The ſtate of the Fair, though ſatirical, is touched with that delicacy, and gallantry, that not the court of Auguſtus, not—But hold, I ſhall loſe what I lately recovered, your opinion of my ſincerity: Yet I muſt ſay, it is as faultleſs as the Fair to whom it is addreſſed, be ſhe never ſo perfect. The M. G. (who it ſeems had no right notion of you, as you of him) tranſcribed it by lucubration: From ſome diſcourſe of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what the men of faſhion call learning) Pedantry; but now, he ſays, he has no leſs, I aſſure you, than a veneration for you. Your, etc.

LETTER XXVI.

Dec. 17, 1710.

IT ſeems that my late mention of Craſhaw, and my quotation from him, has moved your curioſity. I therefore ſend you the whole Author, who has held a

* To a Lady, with the Works of Voiture.

place

place among my other books of this nature for ſome years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of thoſe whoſe works may juſt deſerve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leiſure hours, and more to keep out of idleneſs than to eſtabliſh a reputation: So that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards deſign, form, fable, (which is the ſoul of poetry), all that concerns exactneſs, or conſent of parts, (which is the body), will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of verſe, (which are properly the dreſs, gems, or looſe ornaments of poetry), may be found in theſe verſes. This is indeed the caſe of moſt other poetical writers of miſcellanies; nor can it well be otherwiſe, ſince no man can be a true poet who writes for diverſion only. Theſe authors ſhould be conſidered as verſifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expreſſion, and the numbers. Theſe are only the pleaſing party of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to expreſs myſelf like a painter) their colouring entertains the ſight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inſpected too narrowly.

This author formed himſelf upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one may obſerve, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetched, and too often ſtrained and ſtiffened to make them appear the greater. For men are never ſo apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful, and inconſiderate authors would rather be admired than underſtood. This ambition of ſurpriſing a reader, is the true natural cauſe of all fuſtian, or bombaſt in poetry. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but look into his firſt poem of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt ſtanzas are as ſublimely dull as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d ſtanzas of the ſame copy are ſoft and pleaſing; and if theſe

laſt

laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected expreſſion. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been ſpared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And, by this example in the firſt, one may gueſs at all the reſt; to be like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts, and ſuitable expreſſions; of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt. A reader may ſkim off the froth, and uſe the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is beſt.

To ſpeak of his numbers is a little difficult, they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric; it is evident his heroic verſe (the beſt example of which is his Muſic's Duel) is careleſsly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that, had he taken more care, it had been muſical and pleaſing enough, not extremely majeſtic, but ſweet: And the time conſidered of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worſt verſificators.

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of this author are a Paraphraſe on Pſalm xxiii. On Leſſius, Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppoſed miſtreſs, and the *Dies Iræ*.

LETTER XXVII.

Dec. 30, 1710.

I Reſume my old liberty of throwing out myſelf upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermoſt in my head, the ſubject of a letter. They are at preſent upon laughter, which (for aught I know) may be the cauſe you might ſometimes think me too remiſs a friend, when I was moſt entirely ſo: For I am never ſo inclined to mirth as when I am moſt pleaſed and moſt eaſy, which is in the company of a friend like yourſelf.

As

As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a proof of fondneſs, not diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendſhip, who expect diſtance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no idol-worſhipper, though a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs Jupiter himſelf in a Heathen way, I fancy I ſhould be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard, like Dionyſius; I was juſt going to ſay of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none, (however I will not be poſitive to ſo nice a critic as you, but his robe might be ſubnected with a fibula.) I know ſome philoſophers define laughter, *A recommending ourſelves to our own favour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another:* But I am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any ſuch conſideration in their heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt part, and as ſillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing, and laughing *at* a thing: One may find the inferiour man (to make a kind of caſuiſtical diſtinction) provoked to folly at the ſight or obſervation of ſome *circumſtance of a thing*, when the *thing itſelf* appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperiour man, that is, our judgment and reaſon. Let an ambaſſador ſpeak the beſt ſenſe in the world, and deport himſelf in the moſt graceful manner before a prince, yet if the tail of his ſhirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wiſe man) to hang out behind, more people ſhall laugh at that than attend to the other, till they recollect themſelves, and then they will not have a jot the leſs reſpect for the miniſter. I muſt confeſs the iniquity of my countenance before you; ſeveral muſcles of my face ſometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment ſoon riſes, and ſets all right again about my mouth: And I find I value no man ſo much, as him in whoſe ſight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *ſub perſona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honeſty when nature prompts,

prompts, or folly (which is more a ſecond nature than any thing I know) is but a knaviſh hypocritical way of making a maſk of one's own face.—To conclude, thoſe that are my friends, *I laugh with*, and thoſe that are not *I laugh at*; ſo am merry in company, and if ever I am wiſe, it is all by myſelf. You take juſt another courſe, and to thoſe that are not your friends, are very civil; and to thoſe that are, very endearing and complaiſant: Thus, when you and I meet, there will be the *riſus et blanditiæ* united together in converſation, as they commonly are in a verſe. But without laughter on the one ſide, or compliment on the other, I aſſure you, I am, with real eſteem,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXVIII.
FROM Mr. CROMWELL.

Oct. 16, 1711.

MR. Wycherley viſited me at Bath in my ſickneſs, and expreſſed much affection to me: Hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he preſently writ to you; in which I inſerted my ſcrawl, and after, a ſecond. He went to Glouceſter in his way to Salop, but was diſappointed of a boat, and ſo returned to the Bath; then he ſhewed me your anſwer to his letters, in which you ſpeak of my good nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at reading; yet you allow for my illneſs. I could not poſſibly be in the ſame houſe with Mr. Wycherley, though I ſought it earneſtly, nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but whenever we met, we talked of you. He praiſes your poem *, and even outvies me in kind expreſſions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every poſt; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not

* Eſſay on Criticiſm.

whether

whether my talking ſo much of your great humanity and tenderneſs to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural diſpoſition to you was the cauſe; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: Now he will come this winter to your houſe, and I muſt go with him; but firſt he will invite you ſpeedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday laſt much wearied, yet had wrote ſooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his ſervice) that you was gone from home. Lewis ſhewed me your letter, which ſet me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected from me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday laſt, and kindly ſurpriſed me with a viſit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I ſaying, *To our loves*, he replied, *It is Mr. Pope's health.* He ſaid he would go to Mr. Thorold's, and leave a letter for you. Though I cannot anſwer for the event of all this, in reſpect to him; yet I can aſſure you, that, when you pleaſe to come, you will be moſt deſirable to me, as always by inclination, ſo now by duty, who ſhall ever be

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIX.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Received the entertainment of your letter the day after I had ſent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me ſuch a kind of pleaſure as we uſually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I ſee you labouring through all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard ſaddle, the trotting horſe, and what not? What an agreeable ſurpriſe would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing), and to have carried you off triumphantly, ſet you on an eaſier pad, and relieved

lieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repaſt, at our caſtle in the foreſt? But theſe are only the pleaſing imaginations of a diſappointed lover, who muſt ſuffer in a melancholy abſence yet theſe two months. In the mean time, I take up with the muſes, for want of your better company; the muſes, *quæ nobiſcum pernoctant, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.* Thoſe aëreal ladies juſt diſcover enough to me of their beauties to urge my purſuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, ſtill in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining thoſe favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We graſp ſome more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to expreſs it can ſet to the view of others; and ſtill do but labour to fall ſhort of our firſt imagination. The gay colouring which Fancy gave at the firſt tranſient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: Like thoſe various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to ſeparate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confuſion.

I am highly pleaſed with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's preſent temper, which ſeems ſo favourable to me. I ſhall ever have ſuch a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myſelf when I am ſo to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the ſurface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the ſun is brighter or more overcaſt. —I ſhould be glad to ſee the verſes to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, ſomething oddly agreeable may be produced from that ſubject. —— For what remains, I am ſo well, that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo can make me better; and if you would have me live with any ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to

Your, etc.

LETTER XXX.

FROM Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. Wycherley has, I believe, ſent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long ſolicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius which has ranged at large like a libertine, now ſeems confined to you: And I ſhould take him for your miſtreſs too by your ſimile of the ſun and earth: It is very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your luſtre, perſuades me it would be juſter by the reverſe. Oh happy favourite of the Muſes! how *pernoctare*, all night long with them? But alas! you do but toy, but ſkirmiſh with them, and decline a cloſe engagement. Leave Elegy and Tranſlation to the inferiour claſs, on whom the Muſes only glance now and then like our winter-ſun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis ſays, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in criticiſm. Every one wonders that a genius like yours will not ſupport the ſinking Drama; and Mr. Wilks (though, I think, his talent is comedy) has expreſſed a furious ambition to ſwell in your buſkins. We have had a poor comedy of Johnſon's (not Ben) which held ſeven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is ſharp-ſet on new plays. In vain would I fire you by intereſt or ambition, when your mind is not ſuſceptible of either; though your authority (ariſing from the general eſteem, like that of Pempey) muſt infallibly aſſure you of ſucceſs; for which in all your wiſhes you will be attended with thoſe of

Your, etc.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a ſacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the fineſt faces in the univerſe. But indeed it is ſome conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I eſcape ſome hundred fatal darts from thoſe unerring eyes, and about a thouſand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamed of an abſent friend in theſe circumſtances; you that are ſo nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic would ſay after Terence) *ſo elegant a ſpectator of forms*; you muſt have a ſober diſh of coffee, and a ſolitary candle at your ſide, to write an epiſtle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outſhine the golden god of day and ſilver goddeſs of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament. — You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of theſe my tapers, but it is no ſuch matter; theſe are eyes that have more perſuaſion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and geſture together, let her put her body into what moving poſtures ſhe pleaſes. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you never could have found ſo improper a time to tempt me with intereſt or ambition: Let me but have the reputation of theſe in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to ſay, my Paſtorals, for one of them, and my Eſſay for the other; I would lay out all my poetry in love; an orginal for a lady, and a tranſlation for a waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miſs Molly, Miſs Betty, or Miſs Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beau-

ties murdered long ago, when there are thoſe at this inſtant that murder me? I will even compoſe my own tragedy, and the poet ſhall appear in his own perſon to move compaſſion: It will be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miſerable object brought upon the ſtage.

Now that you are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with ſucceſs upon the ſtage, that it had been his, to which I really wiſh no leſs; and (had it been any way in my power) ſhould have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verſes to Lintot * have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the oppoſite page: Take it as you find it, the production of half an hour the other morning. I deſign very ſoon to put a taſk of a more ſerious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deſerve criticiſm; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in perſon with how much fidelity I am

Your, etc.

* Theſe verſes are printed in Dr. Swift's, and our Author's Miſcellanies.

LET-

LETTERS TO SEVERAL LADIES*.

LETTER I.

MADAM, *March* 1, 1705.

I Send you the book of rudiments of drawing, which you were pleaſed to command, and think myſelf obliged to inform you at the ſame time of one of the many excellencies you poſſeſs without knowing of them. You are but too good a painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever ſo beautiful, as that which you have formed in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but juſt that the fineſt lines in nature ſhould be drawn upon the moſt durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would ſo readily receive, or ſo faithfully retain them, as this heart. I may boldly ſay of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I muſt complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller theſe three days, it has done all poſſible injury to the fineſt face that ever was made, and to the livelieſt image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your abſence, to trace ſome reſemblance of you; but I have been ſo long uſed to loſe my judgment at the ſight of you, that it is paſt my power to correct it by the life. Your picture ſeems leaſt like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifeſt diſadvantage by being ſet on the faireſt light

* Moſt of theſe were printed without the Author's conſent, and no doubt are the ſame upon which the cenſure is paſſed in the preface. "That they have too much of a juvenile ambition of "wit, and affectation of gaiety." And it is pleaded in excuſe, "that they were written very young, and the folly was ſoon over."

in the world. The painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but to own the truth to you, ſhe made ſuch a finiſhed piece about three and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon, Madam; I proteſt, I meant but two and twenty) that it is in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one ſomething like it, betwixt five and ſix years paſt: It was a little girl, done with abundance of ſpirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter your work, I do not think it will ever come up to what your father made. However I would not diſcourage you; it is certain you have a ſtrange happineſs, in making fine things of a ſudden and at a ſtroke, with incredible eaſe and pleaſure.

I am, etc.

LETTER II.

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our ſex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us; by this method I may write to you moſt impudently, becauſe you once anſwered me modeſtly; and if you ſhould never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true coxcomb) that your ſilence gives conſent. Perhaps you wonder why this is addreſſed to you rather than to Mrs. M—, with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have bright eyes, &c. Firſt, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your mother, becauſe you are younger than your mother. Secondly, becauſe I fancy you ſpell better, as having been at ſchool later. Thirdly, becauſe you have nothing to do but to write if you pleaſe, and poſſibly it may keep you from employing yourſelf worſe: It may ſave ſome honeſt neighbouring gentleman from three or four of your peſtilent glances. Caſt your

your eyes upon paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: Men are ſeducing, books are dangerous, the amorous ones ſoften you, and the godly ones give you the ſpleen; if you look upon trees, they claſp in embraces; birds and beaſts make love: The ſun is too warm for your blood; the moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I ſay, once more, caſt your eyes upon paper, and read only ſuch letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from innocence of ſoul, and ſimplicity of heart. Thank God I am an hundred miles off from thoſe eyes! I would ſooner truſt your hand than them for doing me miſchief; and though I doubt not ſome part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet ſince it will not attack me on a ſudden and unprepared, ſince I may have time while I break open your letter to croſs myſelf and ſay a Pater-noſter, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this diſtance. I am told you are at this hour as handſome as an angel; for my part, I have forgot your face ſince two winters. You may be grown to a gianteſs for all I know. I cannot tell in any reſpect what ſort of creature you are, only that you are a very miſchievous one, whom I ſhall ever pray to be defended from. But when your miniſter ſends me word you have the ſmall-pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will deſire him to give thanks for it in your pariſh-church; which as ſoon as he ſhall inform me he has done, I will make you a viſit without armour: I will eat any thing you give me without ſuſpicion of poiſon, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, Madam, is the top of my wiſhes, but how differently are our deſires inclined! You ſigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh playhouſes, parks, operas, aſſemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fiſh-ponds, arbours! Mrs. M——.

LET-

LETTER III.

To a LADY.

Written on one column of a letter, while Lady M. wrote to the Lady's huſband on the other.

THE wits would ſay, that this muſt needs be a dull letter, becauſe it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find, what ſpirit there is, muſt be on the ſide of the wife, and the huſband's part, as uſual, will prove the dulleſt. What an unequal pair are put together in this ſheet? in which, though we ſin, it is you muſt do penance. When you look on both ſides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a ſcripture-expreſſion) are as a two-edged ſword, whereof Lady M. is the ſhining blade, and I only the handle. But I cannot proceed without ſo far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that ſhe writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of thoſe honours a huſband receives for the ſake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to ſhew her the regard we have for another; and yet I muſt own there is not a period of this epiſtle but ſquints towards another overagainſt it. It will be in vain to diſſemble: Your penetrating eyes cannot but diſcover, how all the letters that compoſe theſe words lean forward after Lady M.'s letters, which ſeem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as faſt as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themſelves to another man, in the very preſence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myſelf, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, it is you forget yourſelf in that thought, for you are almoſt the only woman to whom one can ſafely addreſs the praiſes of another. Beſides, can you imagine a man of my importance

portance ſo ſtupid, as to ſay fine things to you before your huſband? Let us ſee how far Lady M. herſelf dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and addreſs ſhe is miſtreſs of. If Sir Robert can be ſo ignorant (now he is left to himſelf in the country) to imagine any ſuch matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady ſays, is taken for ſatire. For my part, every body knows it is my conſtant practice to ſpeak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myſelf

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

YOU have put me into ſo much gaiety of temper, that there will not be a ſerious word in this day's letter. No more, you will ſay, there would, if I told you the whole ſerious buſineſs of the town. All laſt night I continued with you, though your unreaſonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three o'clock. I dreamed all over the evening's converſation, and ſaw the little bed in ſpite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me ſo abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old beauty; ſhe appeared at the table like a death's head enamelled. The Egyptians, you know, had ſuch things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the laſt of theſe objections was ſoon removed; for the lady had ſo violent an appetite for a ſalmon, that ſhe quickly ate all the patches off her face. She divided the fiſh into three parts; not equal, God knows; for ſhe helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the reſt much the largeſt part, took it herſelf, and cried very naively, I will be content with my own tail.

My ſupper was as ſingular as my dinner. It was with a great poet and ode-maker, (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way.) He came

to

to be very hungry; not for want of a dinner, (for that I ſhould make no jeſt of), but having forgot to dine. He fell moſt furiouſly on the broiled relics of a ſhoulder of mutton, commonly called a blade-bone: He profeſſed he never taſted ſo exquiſite a thing! begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or ſeen it at other tables; and deſired to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the ſame for the future? And yet this man, ſo ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroes, and quartered five or ſix miſerable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to-day.

LETTER V.

The Anſwer.

YOU ſhould have my day too, Sir, but indeed I ſlept it out, and ſo I'll give you all that was left, my laſt night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as duce-ace was flinging (Lord H. would ſay I came in the nick). The lady coloured, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: No body ſpoke to me, and I ſat down diſappointed; then affecting a careleſs air, gaped, and cried ſeven or eight times, *D'ye win or loſe?* I could ſafely ſay at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the ſeven, lively ſins; and in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me if I had died! Moralizing ſat I by the hazard-table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the craſh of worlds with as much contempt as ever Plato did. But ah! the frailty of human nature! ſome ridiculous thought came into my head, wakened my paſſions, which burſt forth into a violent laughter: I roſe from my ſeat, and not conſidering the juſt reſentments of the loſing gameſters, hurled a ball of paper croſs the table, which

which ſtopped the dice, and turned up ſeven inſtead of five. Curſed on all ſides, and not knowing where to fly, I threw myſelf into a chair, which I demoliſhed, and never ſpoke a word after. We went to ſupper, and a lady ſaid, *Miſs G. looks prodigiouſly like a tree.* Every body agreed to it, and I had not curioſity to aſk the meaning of that ſprightly fancy: Find it out, and let me know. Adieu, it is time to dreſs, and begin the buſineſs of the day.

LETTER VI.

In the Style of a Lady.

PRay what is your opinion of *Fate?* for I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe that believe in Fate and Predeſtination.—No, I cannot go ſo far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's ſtars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a ſort of free will; for we may be able to reſiſt inclination, but not compulſion.

Do not you think they have got into the moſt prepoſterous faſhion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat ſo very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of luteſtring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, ſo has my muſlin apron; but I would not chuſe to make it a winter-ſuit of cloaths.

Well now I'll ſwear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dreſs; let me die, if I do not think a muſlin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *flirtation*-air.

Well, I ſwear it would be charming! and I ſhould like it of all things—Do you think there are any ſuch things as *Spirits?*

Do you believe there is any ſuch place as the Elyſian fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian fields when I die, and then I ſhould not care if I were to leave the world to-

morrow:

morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has loved moſt in this world?

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you will not tell me all? you know I abominate reſerve.

LETTER VII.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to underſtand, Madam, that my paſſion, for your fair ſelf, and your ſiſter, has been divided with the moſt wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy, I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred ſeventy-ſixth week of the reign of my ſovereign lady Sylvia. At the preſent writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your moſt ſerene majeſty, in whoſe ſervice I was liſted ſome weeks before I beheld your ſiſter. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either ſhall happen to be queen-regent at that time.

Pray tell your ſiſter, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations ſhe has, never gave me ſo much pleaſure in her converſation, as that one vice of her obſtinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to the Bath, and ſhe refuſes! Indeed if I were in Berkſhire, I ſhould honour her for this obſtinacy, and magnify her no leſs for diſobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with change of places (as we ſee of late), and virtues become vices when they ceaſe to be for one's intereſt, with me, as with others.

Yet let me tell her, ſhe will never look ſo finely while ſhe is upon earth, as ſhe would here in the water. It is not here, as in moſt other inſtances, for thoſe ladies that would pleaſe extremely, muſt go out of their own element. She does not make half

ſo

ſo good a figure on horſeback as Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, but were ſhe once ſeen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the beſt mermaid in Chriſtendom. You know I have ſeen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black and in white, I have experienced the utmoſt you can dō in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful ſteps deſerve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and eaſy behaviour in buckram: Something between ſwimming and walking, free enough, and more modeſtly-half-naked than you can appear any where elſe. You have conquered enough already by land; ſhow your ambition, and vanquiſh alſo by water. The buckram I mention is a dreſs particularly uſeful at this time, when, we are told, they are bringing over the faſhion of German ruffs: You ought to uſe yourſelf to ſome degrees of ſtiffneſs beforehand; and when our ladies chins have been tickled a while with ſtarched muſlin and wire, they may poſſibly bear the bruſh of a German beard and whiſker.

I could tell you a delightful ſtory of Doctor P. but want room to diſplay it in all its ſhining circumſtances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiſs the aunt of the perſon beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fierceſt flame: He tried this courſe in his paſſion, and kiſſed Mrs. E— at Mr. D—'s, but, he ſays, it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

IF you aſk how the waters agree with me, I muſt tell you, ſo very well, that I queſtion how you and I ſhould agree if we were in a room by ourſelves. Mrs. —— has honeſtly aſſured me, that but for ſome whims which ſhe cannot entirely conquer, ſhe would

go and ſee the whole with me in man's cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy, (if you would not partake in our adventures), would wait our coming in at the evening with ſome impatience, and be well enough pleaſed to hear them by the fire-ſide. That would be better than reading romances, unleſs Lady M. would be our hiſtorian. What raiſes theſe deſires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady Sandwich, who has all the ſpirit of the laſt age, and all the gay experience of a pleaſurable life. It were as ſcandalous an omiſſion to come to the Bath and not to ſee my Lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without viſiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the beſt thing this country has to boaſt of; and as ſhe has been all that a woman of ſpirit could be, ſo ſhe ſtill continues that eaſy and independent creature that a ſenſible woman always will be.

I muſt tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought ſo much of yourſelf and your ſiſter, as ſince I have been fourſcore miles diſtant from you. In the Foreſt I looked upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddeſſes, or what you will. In the ſame manner I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. — and you will but fall very ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriouſly I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes; you have robbed me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand pretty qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in yourſelves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing leſs than a vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhould diſcover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a thouſand things

things in me for that one diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

1714.

I Returned home as ſlow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord * retired from the court and glory to his country-ſeat and wife, a week ago. I found here a diſmal deſponding letter from the ſon of another great courtier who expects the ſame fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones if they will favour them with a viſit by daylight. With what joy would they lay down all their ſchemes of glory, did they but know you have the generoſity to drink their healths once a-day, as ſoon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy, by the ſole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this laſt into verſe, but in this age of ingratitude my beſt friends forſake me, I mean my rhymes.

I deſire Mrs. P — to ſtay her ſtomach with theſe half hundred plays, till I can procure her a romance big enough to ſatisfy her great ſoul with adventures. As for novels, I fear ſhe can depend upon none from me but that of my life, which I am ſtill, as I have been, contriving all poſſible methods to ſhorten, for the greater eaſe both of the hiſtorian and the reader. May ſhe believe all the paſſion and tenderneſs expreſſed in theſe romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the ſame truth upon hearing it from me. You will both injure me very much, if you do not think me a truer friend than ever any romantic lover, or any imitator of their ſtyle, could be.

The days of beauty are as the days of greatneſs, and ſo long all the world are your adorers. I am one of thoſe unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myſelf. Methinks it is a noble ſpirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the ſenſe of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this diſtance. It is a generous piece of Popery, that purſues even thoſe who are to be eternally abſent, into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a ſort of piety. I cannot be ſatisfied with ſtrowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing loſt: But muſt conſider you as a glorious though remote being, and be ſending addreſſes after you. You have carried away ſo much of me, that what remains is daily languiſhing and dying over my acquaintance here, and, I believe, in three or four months more I ſhall think *Aurat Bazar* * as good a place as *Covent-garden*. You may imagine this is raillery, but I am really ſo far gone as to take pleaſure in reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am romantic, ſo is every one ſaid to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conſcience, as the world goes, it is hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other juſt debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover,

* At Conſtantinople.

nor

nor you, for conſtancy to your lord, muſt ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in ſome anger; for having, ſince you went, frequented thoſe people moſt, who ſeemed moſt in your favour. I heard nothing that concerned you talked of ſo often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did not aſſert to be a bob, and was anſwered, *Love is blind.* I am perſuaded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, but on the ſcore of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourſelf; there is nothing I ſo much deſire to hear of: Talk a great deal of yourſelf; that ſhe who I always thought talked beſt, may ſpeak upon the beſt ſubject. The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of, no way enage my curioſity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to ſee one ſuch face as yours, than both St. John Baptiſt's heads. I wiſh (ſince you are grown ſo covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine ſtatues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The Ladies, with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem to underſtand that text literally, that commands to *bear one another's burthens:* But, I fancy, many a man there is like *Iſſachar*, an *aſs* between *two burthens.* I ſhall look upon you no more as a Chriſtian, when you paſs from that charitable court to the land of Jealouſy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the lands of Infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? amidſt the pomp of a high maſs, and the raviſhing trills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and diſcipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Chriſtian virtues hold out in ſo long a voyage? you have, it ſeems, (without paſſing the

bounds of Chriſtendom), out-travelled the ſin of fornication: In a little time you'll look upon ſome others with more patience, than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it ſo well as to make your religion laſt to the verge of Chriſtendom, that you may diſcharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find ſome buſineſs.

I doubt not but I ſhall be told (when I come to follow you through thoſe countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourſelf to the cuſtoms of the true Muſſulmen. They will tell me at what town you practiſed to ſit on the ſopha, at what village you learned to fold a turbant, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy muſt it be for a gay young woman to live in a country where it is a part of religious worſhip to be *giddy headed?* I ſhall hear at Belgrade how the good Baſhaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allah* and *Muhamed*; and how earneſtly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a juſt one, that it was attended with ſome circumſtances under which he could not properly repreſent his Britannic Majeſty.

Laſtly, I ſhall hear how, the firſt night you lay at Pera, you had a viſion of Mahomet's paradiſe; and happily awaked without a ſoul, from which bleſſed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I ſee I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company, talked myſelf into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one. the pleaſure of addreſſing to you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to ſhorten this letter as much as you pleaſe; by giving over when you pleaſe; ſo I will make it no longer by apologies.

LET-

LETTER XI.

YOU have aſked me news a hundred times at the firſt word you ſpoke to me, which ſome would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: And truly it is not a ſign two lovers are together, when they can be ſo impertinent as to inquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to gueſs which of the two is that ſtupid and inſenſible creature, ſo blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This then ſhall be a letter of news; and ſure, if you did not think me the humbleſt creature in the world, you could never imagine a poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved ſo bravely, that in this act at leaſt he might ſeem above man, if he had not juſt now voided a ſtone to prove him ſubject to human infirmities. The utmoſt weight of affliction from miniſterial power and popular hatred, were almoſt worth bearing, for the glory of ſuch a dauntleſs conduct as he has ſhewn under it.

You may ſoon have your wiſh, to enjoy the gallant ſights of armies, encampments, ſtandards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames ſtained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard ſo long exclaimed againſt in town and country, may have its fill of deſtruction. I would not add one circumſtance uſual in all deſcriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed upon thoſe unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But, God forgive me — in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your ſake and Mrs. P—'s, and ſome others, whom, I have cauſe to fear, no fair means will prevail upon you.

Thoſe eyes that care not how much miſchief is done,

done, or how great ſlaughter committed, ſo they have but a fine ſhow; thoſe very female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is ſpeedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments with new cloaths and furniture, (far exceeding the late cloth and linen deſigned by his Grace for the ſoldiery.) The ſight of ſo many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war yet undeformed by battles, thoſe ſcenes which England has for many years only beheld on ſtages, may poſſibly invite your curioſity to this place.

By our lateſt account from Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, the converſion of T. G. Eſq; is reported in a manner ſomewhat more particular. That, upon the ſeizure of his Flanders mares, he ſeemed more than ordinarily diſturbed for ſome hours, ſent for his ghoſtly father, and reſolved to bear his loſs like a Chriſtian; till about the hours of ſeven or eight, the coaches and horſes of ſeveral of the nobility paſſing by his window towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the diſappointment, but inſtantly went out, took the oath of abjuration, and recovered his dear horſes, which carried him in triumph to the ring. The poor diſtreſſed Roman Catholics, now unhorſed and unchariotted, cry out with the Pſalmiſt, *Some in chariots, and ſome in horſes, but we will invocate the name of the Lord.*

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this ſeaſon; when every ſmile of the ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: And I am ſo much in the taſte of rural pleaſures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he can ſhew me, except yourſelf. I deſpiſe every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I ſee you dreſſed in it, (which by the way

way I do not like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the ſun is but a ſhadow: For I doubt not but God's works here are what come neareſt to his works there; and that a true reliſh of the beauties of nature is the moſt eaſy preparation, and gentleſt tranſition to an enjoyment of thoſe of Heaven: As, on the contrary, a true town-life of hurry, confuſion, noiſe, ſlander, and diſſenſion, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to hell and its furies. I am endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to receive that ſtroke, which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully reſigned myſelf to yield to it. The ſeparation of my ſoul and body is what I could think of with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes it ſhall be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think without tears of being ſeparated from my friends, when their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may want even ſuch aſſiſtance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we loved or purſued here; for elſe what a torment would it be to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is quite divided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a more exalted life, all that we eſteemed in this imperfect ſtate will affect us no more, than what we loved in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I am ſenſible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to ſhow this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourſelf be quite a ſtranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wiſh your life may be ſo long and ſo happy, as never to let you think *quite ſo far* as I am now led to do; but to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier, and the eaſier at all times.

There are no pleaſures or amuſements that I do not wiſh you, and therefore it is no ſmall grief to me that I ſhall for the future be leſs able to partake with you

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in them. But let Fortune do her worſt, whatever ſhe makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never makes us loſe our honeſty and our independence, I deſpiſe from my heart whoever parts with the firſt, and I pity from my ſoul whoever quits the latter.

I am grieved at Mr. G—'s condition in this laſt reſpect of dependence. He has merit, good-nature, and integrity, three qualities that I fear are too often loſt upon great men; or at leaſt are not all three a match for one which is oppoſed to them, Flattery. I wiſh it may not ſoon or late diſplace him from the favour he now poſſeſſes, and ſeems to like. I am ſure his late action deſerves eternal favour and eſteem: Lord Bathurſt was charmed with it, who came hither to ſee me before his journey. He aſked and ſpoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Forteſcue comes to me from London about B—'s ſuit *in forma pauperis*. That poor man looks ſtarved; he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed it is wanted; the poor creature can ſcarce ſtir or ſpeak; and I apprehend he will die, juſt as he gets ſomething to live upon. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

THis is a day of wiſhes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that paſſes, I wiſh ſome things more for my friends, and ſome things leſs for myſelf. Yet were I to tell you what I wiſh for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in proſe, what I told you laſt year in rhyme (ſo ſincere is my poetry): I can only add, that as I then wiſhed you a friend *, I now wiſh that friend were Mrs. ——

Abſence is a ſhort kind of death; and in either, one

* To Mrs. M. B. on her birthday.

"O be thou bleſs'd with all that Heav'n can ſend,
"Long health, long life, long pleaſure, and a friend."

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can only wiſh, that the friends we are ſeparated from may be happy with thoſe that are left them. I am therefore very ſolicitous that you may paſs much agreeable time together: I am ſorry to ſay I envy you no other companion, though I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleaſed in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both, juſt as I fancied we ſhould begin to live together in the country. It was a little like dying the moment one had got all one deſired in this world. Yet I go away with one generous ſort of ſatisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleaſed to hear ſome certain news of a friend departed, to have the adventures of his paſſage, and the new regions through which he travelled, deſcribed; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he lived among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepared ſoul) have ſeen nothing I like ſo well as what I left: No ſcenes of paradiſe, no happy bowers, equal to thoſe on the banks of the Thames. Wherever I wander, one reflection ſtrikes me: I wiſh you were as free as I; or at leaſt had a tie as tender, and as reaſonable as mine, to a relation that as well deſerved your conſtant thought, and to whom you would be always pulled back (in ſuch a manner as I am) by the heart-ſtring. I have never been well ſince I ſet out; but do not tell my mother ſo; it will trouble her too much: And as probably the ſame reaſon may prevent her ſending a true account of her health to me, I muſt deſire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country-air improves your own; but do not flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better ſatisfied when you ſay you are well: For theſe are things in which one may be ſincerer to a reaſonable friend than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

YOU cannot be ſurpriſed to find him a dull correſpondent whom you have known ſo long for a dull companion. And though I am pretty ſenſible, that, if I have any wit, I may as well write to ſhow it, as not; yet I will content myſelf with giving you as plain a hiſtory of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himſelf, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderneſs of this world*, &c.

Firſt then, I went by water to Hampton-court, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of ſo modeſt a nature as to keep themſelves, or me, concealed: For I met the Prince with all his ladies on horſeback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B* and Mrs. L* took me into protection, (contrary to the laws againſt harbouring Papiſts), and gave me a dinner, with ſomething I liked better, an opportunity of converſation with Mrs. H*. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the moſt miſerable; and wiſhed that every woman who envied it, had a ſpecimen of it. To eat Weſtphalia-ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worſe a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneaſy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As ſoon as they can wipe off the ſweat of the day, they muſt ſimper an hour and catch cold in the Princeſs's apartment: From thence (as Shakeſpear has it) *to dinner with what appetite they may*—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they pleaſe. I can eaſily believe, no lone-houſe in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you, Mrs. L* walked with me three or four hours by moon-light, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audi-

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ence to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In ſhort, I heard of no ball, aſſembly, baſſet-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmanſegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to ſtay away.

I was heartily tired, and poſted to—park: There we had an excellent diſcourſe of quackery; Dr. S* was mentioned with honour. Lady —— walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at] leaſt in the time I ſtaid, though ſhe ſeemed to be fainting, and had convulſive motions ſeveral times in her head.

I arrived in the Foreſt by Tueſday noon, having fled from the face I wiſh (I could ſay the horned face) of Moſes, who dined in the mid-way thither. I paſſed the reſt of the day in thoſe woods where I have ſo often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a hymn as I paſſed through, which ended with a ſigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of an eſtate miſerably unwieldy, and ſplendidly unuſeful to him. Sir Samuel Garth ſays, that for Ratcliffe to leave a library, was as if a eunuch ſhould found a ſeraglio. Dr. S— lately told a lady, he wondered ſhe could be alive after him: ſhe made anſwer, ſhe wondered at it for two reaſons, becauſe Dr. Ratcliffe was dead, and becauſe Dr. S— was living. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

NOthing could have more of that melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt day's journey; for after having paſſed through my favourite woods in the Foreſt, with a thouſand reveries of paſt pleaſures, I rid over hanging hills, whoſe tops were edged with groves, and whoſe feet watered

with winding rivers, liſtening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: The gloomy verdure of Stonor ſucceeded to theſe, and then the ſhades of the evening overtook me. The moon roſe in the cleareſt ſky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſolemn light I paced on ſlowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college anſwered one another, and ſounded forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome a ſofter tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led ſince, among thoſe old walls, venerable galleries, ſtone porticoes, ſtudious walks, and ſolitary ſcenes of the univerſity. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a ſalary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myſelf to the college-hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the moſt ancient, duſky parts of the univerſity, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the deſert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, ſuch as even thoſe good men uſed to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abſtraction. For I found myſelf received with a ſort of reſpect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own ſpecies; who are as conſiderable here, as the buſy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a manner, that I could not but ſometimes ask myſelf in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from ſeeing myſelf ſeated with dignity on the moſt conſpicuous ſhelves of a library, put myſelf into the abject poſture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's-ſquare.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midſt of my glory I am wounded, and find myſelf a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes,

is to no purpoſe, ſince neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and ſuck the poiſon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s, I ſee a creature nearer an angel than a woman, (though a woman be very near as good as an angel); I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs T— as a credit to the maker of angels; ſhe is a relation of his Lordſhip's, and he gravely propoſed her to me for a wife; being tender of her intereſts, and knowing (what is a ſhame to Providence) that ſhe is leſs indebted to fortune than I. I told him, it was what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind, and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſee both her and myſelf.

I muſt not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmoſt in the affair you deſire. It would be an inexpreſſible joy to me if I could ſerve you, and I will always do all I can to give myſelf pleaſure. I wiſh as well for you as for myſelf; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myſelf, for I find myſelf moſt ſo with either, when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

LETTER XVI.

THE chief cauſe I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your ſiſter's ſtate of health. I really expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffered alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touched at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with more uneaſineſs. I have felt ſome weakneſſes of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people ſo rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occaſion.

I cannot be ſo good a Chriſtian as to be willing to

reſign my own happineſs here, for hers in another life. I do more than wiſh for her ſafety; for every wiſh I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learned to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herſelf may deſire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wiſh. May her beauty be as great as poſſible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a mercileſs diſtemper may commit, I dare promiſe her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of viſits and compliments dare to do; ſhe ſhall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me ſo more than ever, ſince I have been a witneſs to the generous tenderneſs you have ſhewn upon this occaſion.

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

I AM not at all concerned to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world. They who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you, by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit, I am ſure, I want; at leaſt in the degree that I ſee others have it, who would at all ſeaſons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to myſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart,

heart, if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love only myſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you will think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: For if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleaſed you, I ſhould ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes could I gladly have left unfiniſhed, and turned into it, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, Fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of, than your friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life; the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of Fame, I ſend you my Temple of Fame, which is juſt come out: But my ſentiments about it you will ſee better by this epigram.

What's Fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

LETTER XVIII.

ALL the pleaſure or uſe of familiar letters, is to give us the aſſurance of a friend's welfare; at leaſt it is all I know, who am a mortal enemy and deſpiſer of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promiſe you, it will always be a ſatisfaction to me to write letters, and to receive them from you; becauſe I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing which many people make only a ſubject to diſplay their fine ſentiments upon, a friend: which is a character that admits of little to be ſaid,

till ſomething may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I do not like your ſtyle: It is very pretty, therefore I do not like it; and if you write as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for ſuch letters, unleſs I were to ſell them to be printed. Methinks I have loſt the Mrs. L * I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and ſometimes better.) You muſt allow me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible word in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs and expecting it in return: But the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtyle of wit and abomination. To ſhew you how very unſatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you have never told me how you do. Indeed I ſee it was abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to ſay, kindneſs, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not wit, which if I want, I am not much concerned, becauſe judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make uſe of it rather to play upon thoſe I deſpiſed, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee, in ſhort, after what manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loſs about that article. As I have opened my mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr. H—, who will ſee by it what manner of letters he muſt expect if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his ſervant to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhould have nothing but honeſt plain how-d'ye's and pray remember me's; which not being fit to be ſhown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in mere friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, etc.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at laſt prove your relation, and has entertained ſuch ſentiments as became him in your concern. I have been prepared for this by degrees, having ſeveral times received from Mrs. * that which is one of the greateſt pleaſures, the knowledge that others entered into my own ſentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known. As I have often condoled with you in your adverſities, ſo I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the proſpect of your better fortunes: and I hope, for the future, to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Though you modeſtly ſay the world has left you, yet, I verily believe, it is coming to you again as faſt as it can: For, to give the world its due, it is always very fond of merit when it is paſt its power to oppoſe it. Therefore, if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But if you are reſolved in revenge to rob the world of ſo much example as you may afford it, I believe, your deſign will be vain; for even in a monaſtery your devotions cannot carry you ſo far toward the next world as to make this loſe the ſight of you; but you will be like a ſtar, that, while it is fixed to heaven, ſhines over all the earth.

Whereſoever Providence ſhall diſpoſe of the moſt valuable thing I know, I ſhall ever follow you with my ſincereſt wiſhes, and my beſt thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more conſtant, nor more ſilent. I beg you will never ceaſe to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injuſtice. As I have hitherto been ſo in ſpite of the world, ſo hereafter, if it be poſſible you

ſhould

ſhould ever be more oppoſed, and more deſerted, I ſhould only be ſo much the more

Your faithful, etc.

LETTER XX.

I Can ſay little to recommend the letters I ſhall write to you, but that they will be the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart, and the trueſt copies you ever ſaw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be ſoftened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little leſs hideous; but you ſhall find it, in all reſpects, moſt horribly like. You will do me an injuſtice if you look upon any thing I ſhall ſay from this inſtant, as a compliment, either to you or to myſelf: Whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you will no more expect it of me to perſevere till death, in every ſentiment or notion I now ſet down, than you would imagine a man's face ſhould never change when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I ſhall uſe in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the beſt ſort of fools, the honeſt ones. And ſince what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in ſpite of all our art to keep it down; methinks, it is almoſt fooliſh to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almoſt knaviſh to do it from thoſe that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breaſts, I ſhould be for carrying it further, and making thoſe windows, caſements; that while a man ſhowed his heart to all the world, he might do ſomething more for his friends; even give it them, and truſt it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod did Herodias, (though I never had ſo much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a diſh, as he did another's head. But ſince Jupiter will not have it ſo, I muſt be content to ſhew my taſte in life, as I do my taſte in painting, by loving

ving to have as little drapery as poſſible. Not that I think every body naked altogether ſo fine a ſight, as yourſelf and a few more would be, but becauſe it is good to uſe people to what they muſt be acquainted with; and there will certainly come ſome day of judgment or other, to uncover every ſoul of us. We ſhall then ſee that the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being ſtraiter-laced than the reſt; and that they are naturally as arrant ſquabs as thoſe that went more looſe, nay as thoſe that never girded their loins at all.—But a particular reaſon that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others expreſs their thoughts of you, they fall very ſhort of mine, and, I know, at the ſame time, theirs are ſuch as you would think ſufficiently in your favour.

You may eaſily imagine how deſirous I muſt be of a correſpondence with a perſon, who had taught me long ago that it was as poſſible to eſteem at firſt ſight, as to love; and who has ſince ruined me for all the converſation of one ſex, and almoſt all the friendſhip of the other. I am but too ſenſible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain ſoftneſs to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing elſe. How often have I been quietly going to take poſſeſſion of that tranquility and indolence I had ſo long found in the country; when one evening of your converſation has ſpoiled me for a ſolitaire! Books have loſt their effect upon me, and I was convinced ſince I ſaw you, that there is one alive wiſer than all the ſages. A plague of female wiſdom! it makes a man ten times more uneaſy than his own. What is very ſtrange, Virtue herſelf (when you have the dreſſing her) is too amiable for one's repoſe. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have ſeen you, to have converſed with you; they would have been ſtrangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitched

witched them with Reaſon and Virtue, (two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy diſtance at which we correſpond, removes a great many of thoſe reſtrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer converſation prejudice truth, to ſave good-breeding. I may now hear of my faults and you of your good qualities, without a bluſh; we converſe upon ſuch unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, ſhame, or deſign, in either of us. And methinks it would be as paltry a part, to impoſe (even in a ſingle thought) upon each other in this ſtate of ſeparation, as for ſpirits of a different ſphere, who have ſo little intercourſe with us, to employ that little (as ſome would make us think they do) in putting tricks and deluſions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by aſking you a queſtion, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than moſt inſtances of my life. In what manner did I behave in the laſt hour I ſaw you? What degree of concern did I diſcover when I felt a misfortune, which, I hope, you will never feel, that of parting from what one moſt eſteems? for if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greateſt of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never ſince paſs by your houſe but with the ſame ſort of melancholy that we feel upon ſeeing the tomb of a friend, which only ſerves to put us in mind of what we have loſt. I reflect upon the circumſtances of your departure, which I was there a witneſs of, (your behaviour in what I may call your laſt moments), and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleaſure in thinking that thoſe laſt moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration, which, I know, you have in finding out the truth of people's ſentiments; and that you are willing, the laſt man that *would have* parted from you, ſhould be the laſt that *did*. I

really

really looked upon you juſt as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero, at the inſtant when he was devoting himſelf to glory, and running to be loſt out of generoſity: I was obliged to admire your reſolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wiſh, that Heaven would reward ſo much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elſewhere.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXI.

I Can never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that ſhort one from D——, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You have contrived to ſay in your laſt the two things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the diſcharge of your conſcience. The other is, the juſtice you do me, in taking what I writ to you, in the ſerious manner it was meant; it is the point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and in which, above all, I deſire to be thought ſerious. It would be vexatious indeed, if you ſhould pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improved by an eſteem for you: But ſince you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expreſſions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be increaſed in all truths, that are as great as this; and, depend upon it, to whatever degree it may extend, you never can be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would really think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with

ſome

ſome qualities as well deſerving to be half-laughed at, and half-eſtemed, as moſt hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the moſt like Reaſon of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word this heart is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with my own goods, or with empty ſpaces to be ſupplied as faſt as intereſt or ambition can fill them: But is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and ſhall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as cloſe, as any idea in Chriſtendom.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) enlarges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you, it has ſo extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wiſh that even ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation may interpoſe between you and the place you deſign for; and that you were reſtored to us at the expenſe of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the boſom of your country? I hear you are come as far as —: Do you only look back to die twice? is Eurydice once more ſnatched to the ſhades? If ever mortal had reaſon to hate the king, it is I, whoſe particular misfortune it is, to be almoſt the only innocent perſon he has made to ſuffer; both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.

If you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you might paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant way; that all the road might be roſes and myrtles, and a thouſand objects riſe round you, agreeable enough to make England leſs deſirable to you. It is not now my intereſt to wiſh England agreeable; it is highly probable it may uſe me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal *earth* my own? Yet it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that when the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my country, what was moſt agreeable in it ſhould firſt be ſnatched away from it.

I could

I could overtake you with pleaſure in —, and make that tour in your company. Every reaſonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I ſhould at leaſt attend you to the ſea coaſts, and caſt a laſt look after the ſails that tranſported you. But perhaps I might care as little to ſtay behind you; and be full as uneaſy to live in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was perſecuted myſelf by the rogues of yours. And it is not impoſſible I might run into Aſia in ſearch of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a nation of freemen?

In good earneſt, if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think, I ſhould be once more happy in a ſight of you next ſpring.

I will conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us, or me with you.

LETTER XXII.

YOU will find me more troubleſome than ever Brutus did his evil genius; I ſhall meet you in more places than one, and often refreſh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi. Theſe ſhadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really ſuffered very much from you, and whom you have robbed of the moſt valuable of his enjoyments, your converſation. The advantage of hearing your ſentiments by diſcovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the riſk I generally run of manifeſting my own indiſcretion. You then rewarded my truſt in you the moment it was given, for you pleaſed or informed me the minute you anſwered. I muſt now be contented with more ſlow returns. However, it is ſome pleaſure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more laſting poſſeſſion to me, and that I ſhall no long-

er have cauſe to complain of a loſs I have ſo often regretted, that of any thing you ſaid, which I happened to forget. In earneſt, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be every day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit through all your ways, I follow you through every ſtage in books of travels, and fear for you through whole folios; you make me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. I inquire the roads, the amuſements, the company, of every town and country through which you paſs, with as much diligence, as if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more conſtantly in mind, not even your guardian-angel (if you have one); and I am willing to indulge ſo much Popery as to fancy ſome being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourſelf: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave ſo much ſelf-neglect and reſolution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhow me you are alive: It puts me in mind of the firſt dove that returned to Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no ſea-ſickneſs. I beg your next may give me all the pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind. Nothing that regards the ſtates or kingdoms you paſs through, will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to yourſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of Chriſtendom.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant,

norant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing religions and governments: But private virtues one can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs, another. You will ſay, I am not *public-ſpirited:* Let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can never have a public ſpirit; for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C—; he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now ſo good, that we wiſh with all our ſouls you were a witneſs of it. We never meet but we lament over you: We pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we ſtrow flowers of rhetoric, and offer ſuch libations to your name as it would be profane to call toaſting. The Duke of B—m is ſometimes the high-prieſt of your praiſes; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not ſorry at your departure, as women that are; for, you know, moſt of your ſex want good ſenſe, and therefore muſt want generoſity: You have ſo much of both, that, I am ſure, you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one deſpiſes. For my part, I hate a great many women for your ſake, and undervalue all the reſt. It is you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all thoſe bleſſings and earthly proſperities, which, the divines tell us, are the cauſe of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare truſt your own virtue to do it in the other. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

On her Marriage.

YOU are by this time ſatisfied how much the tenderneſs of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addreſſes of a thouſand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, how great is the joy of having all thoſe charms and good qualities which have pleaſed ſo many, now applied to pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame virtues which gave you reputation, ſhould give you happineſs; and I can wiſh you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourſelf, as ſo much good humour muſt infallibly give it to your huſband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this occaſion: But I am really more a wellwiſher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; ſuch as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at laſt, as the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever deſired to hear, (whatever others may have ſpoken to you), I mean truth: And it is with the utmoſt that I aſſure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befals you, is more ſincerely delighted with the proſpect of your future hapineſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a long continuance of it.

I hope, you will think it but juſt, that a man who will certainly be ſpoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happineſs to be eſteemed, while he is living.

Your, etc.

LET-

LETTERS
TO AND FROM
SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL*.
From 1705 to 1716.

LETTER I.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

SIR, *Oct.* 19, 1705.

I RETURN you the book your were pleaſed to ſend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves my particular acknowledgment; for, next to the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in thoſe poems, not only becauſe they were Milton's †, or were approved by Sir Hen. Wooton, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know nobody ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend: I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a ſtyle of compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, etc.

* Secretary of State to King William III.

† L' Allegro, Il Penſeroſo, Lycidas, and the Maſque of Comus.

LET-

LETTER II.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I Have this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe (though perhaps no very good one), that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your deſires than that I could think it reaſonable. For I am not yet ſatisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practiſed in the art. There may poſſibly be ſome happy geniuſes, who may judge of ſome of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: But this, though it may ſometimes be in the right, muſt be ſubject to many miſtakes, and is certainly but a ſuperficial knowledge; without entering into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole compoſure, in all the parts of it.

Beſides my want of ſkill, I have another reaſon why I ought to ſuſpect myſelf, by reaſon of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But after all, I muſt ſay (and I do it with an old-faſhioned ſincerity), that I entirely approve of your tranſlation of thoſe pieces of Homer, both as to the verſification, and the true ſenſe that ſhines through the whole: Nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occaſion, that you would proceed in tranſ-

lating

lating that incomparable poet, to make him ſpeak good Engliſh, to dreſs his admirable characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſive conceptions, and to make his works as uſeful and inſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at Prænesteː *Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, &c. I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confeſs I am charmed.

Upon the whole matter, I entreat you to ſend this preſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and, I hope, it will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my nephew B.'s obſervations, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had not time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endeavoured very faithfully (though, he told me, very haſtily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ſhould hinder you from publiſhing this eſſay, I ſhall only be ſorry that I have no more credit with you, to perſuade you to oblige the public, and very particularly, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

March 6, 171⅔.

I Think a haſty ſcribble ſhows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as faſt as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of the Rape of the Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take, as an Engliſhman, to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf in his Lutrin, outdone

in

in your poem: For you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (though I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: And henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve of what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of parties) muſt and do univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and beg of you earneſtly to get out of all tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery is it for you to be deſtroyed by the fooliſh kindneſs (it is all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your buſineſs is done: Therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own ſake, and much more for yours; methinks Mr. —— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am, Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THough any thing you write is ſure to be a pleaſure to me, yet I muſt own your laſt letter made me uneaſy; you really uſe a ſtyle of compliment, which I expect as little as I deſerve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young ſcribbler is as ill pleaſed to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one ſets up for an author, one muſt be treated as ceremoniouſly, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a king's favourite, or as a king.

This

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which firſt makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I muſt grant it is a juſt judgement upon poets, that they, whoſe chief pretence is Wit, ſhould be treated as they themſelves treat fools, that is, be cajoled with praiſes. And, I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to ſay this, as if the obliging letter you ſend me deſerved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæſar ſaid of his wife; "It was not ſufficient that he knew her to be chaſte "himſelf, but ſhe ſhould not be ſo much as ſuſpect-"ed."

As to the wonderful diſcoveries, and all the good news you are pleaſed to tell me of myſelf, I treat it, as you who are in the ſecret, truſt common news, as groundleſs reports of things at a diſtance; which I, who look into the true ſprings of the affair, in my own breaſt, know to have no foundation at all. For Fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the laſt infirmity of noble minds*, is ſcarce ſo ſtrong a temptation as to warrant our loſs of time here: It can never make us lie down contentedly on a deathbed, (as ſome of the ancients are ſaid to have done with that thought). You, Sir, have yourſelf taught me, that an eaſy ſituation at that hour can proceed from no ambition leſs noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the ſtrongeſt endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the ſincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, ſo in this, the only ſolid bleſſings are owing to the goodneſs of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: Friendſhip here is an emanation from the ſame ſource as beatitude there: The ſame benevolence and grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmoſt point of my deſires, in my preſent ſtate, terminates in the ſociety and good-will of worthy men,

men, which I look upon as no ill earneſt and foretaſte of the ſociety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſet ſome value upon myſelf as a part of your care. The inſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employed in following your advice, and amuſing myſelf in painting, in which I am moſt particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily inſtructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at preſent to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very uſual. Cato was not ſo much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the fooliſh induſtry poſſible has been uſed to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world be applied to him on this occaſion.

Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive, who ſhall applaud him moſt.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one ſide of the theatre, were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author ſweated behind the ſcenes with concern to find their applauſe proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the caſe too of the prologue-writer *, who was clapped into a ſtanch Whig, at almoſt every two lines. I believe you have heard, that af-

* Himſelf.

ter

ter all the applauſes of the oppoſite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke ſent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expreſſed it) for defending the cauſe of Liberty ſo well againſt a perpetual dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be diſtanced this way, and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame Cato very ſpeedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a ſentence as the former on their ſide; ſo, betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expreſſed it) may have ſomething to live upon, after he dies. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Eaſthamſtead, Feb. 22, 1714-15.

I AM ſenſibly obliged, dear Sir, by your kind preſent of the *Temple of Fame*, into which you are already entered, and I dare propheſy for once (though I am not much given to it) that you will continue there, with thoſe,

Who ever new, not ſubject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

There was nothing wanting to complete your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem; your long abſence being much the ſevereſt part of the winter. I am truly ſorry that your time, which you can employ ſo much better, ſhould be ſpent in the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to what you have done yourſelf, there will nothing of that nature be neceſſary. I wiſh you could find a few minutes leiſure to let me hear from you ſometimes, and to acquaint me how your Homer draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I entreat you to return my humble ſervice to Mr. Jervas.

Jervas. I ſtill flatter myſelf that he will take an opportunity, in a proper ſeaſon, to ſee us, and review his picture, and then to alter ſome things, ſo as to pleaſe himſelf; which I know will not be, till every thing in it is perfect; no more than I can be, till you believe me to be with that ſincerity and eſteem, that I am, and will ever continue, your moſt faithful friend.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the enigmas of Pythagoras, "When "the winds riſe, worſhip the Echo." A modern writer explains this to ſignify, "When popular tu- "mults begin, retire to ſolitudes, or ſuch places "where echoes are commonly found, rocks, woods, "&c." I am rather of opinion it ſhould be interpreted, "When rumours increaſe, and when there "is abundance of noiſe and clamour, believe the ſe- "cond report." This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural application of the ſymbol. However it be, either of theſe precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this ſeaſon; and I cannot but applaud your reſolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the Foreſt, this winter, and preferring the noiſe of breaking ice to that of breaking ſtateſmen, the rage of ſtorms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempeſts, to the precipitancy of ſome, and the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our daily proſpects in London.

I ſincerely wiſh myſelf with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madneſs of man on the earth. But I never had ſo much cauſe as now to complain of my poetical ſtar, that fixes me, at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rhymes, and the meaſuring of ſyllables: To be almoſt the only trifler in the nation, and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the reſt in the ſhip were either labouring, or praying for life, was ſcratching his head in a little room, to write a fine deſcription of the tempeſt.

You

You tell me, you like the ſound of no arms but thoſe of Achilles: For my part I like them as little as any other arms. I liſted myſelf in the battles of Homer, and I am no ſooner in war, but, like moſt other folks, I wiſh myſelf out again.

I heartily join with you in wiſhing quiet to our native country: Quiet in the ſtate, which, like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happineſs of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or proſpect whatſoever. Fire and ſword, and fire and faggot, are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppoſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it ſo great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

I ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excells the poor narrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths, now in faſhion, to this church or that church. Whatever our teachers may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to wiſh generouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions; but whenever I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and affections of

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

I Should be ſhamed of my long idleneſs, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Echo, and your moſt ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults! which I own to be very uſeful; and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myſelf to a ſhorter receipt of the ſame Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I ſhall obſerve, if not the whole time of his diſcipline, yet at leaſt till you return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the moſt ſevere weather I ever felt; when, though I

keep as near by the fire-ſide as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis*; and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be ſtopped. I have further great loſſes (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen—*Intereunt pecudes, ſtant circumfuſa pruinis Corpora magna boum*, &c.

Pray comfort me, if you can, by telling me that your ſecond volume of Homer is not frozen; for it muſt be expreſſed very poetically, to ſay now, that the preſſes ſweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of on occaſion of my being obliged to congratulate the birthday of a friend of mine; when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly ſent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus**. This has been applauded ſo much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureate, (pray deſire my good friend Mr. Row to enter a caveat), provided you will further increaſe my ſtock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my eſtate, and as honeſtly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little fearful, as young beginners often are, I offer to you, (for I have concealed the true author), whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink, are ſo frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of dear Sir,

Your, etc.

* "Jam munerat placido felix Antonius ævo," etc.

At length my friend (while time with ſtill career
Waf.s on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his pa t days ſafe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dread s approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the ſtrict ſurvey
Finds not one moment he could wiſh away,
Pleas'd with the ſeries of each happy day.
Such, ſuch a man extends his life's ſhort ſpace,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The preſent well, and ev'n the paſt enjoy.

LET-

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1711, to 1714.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. J. C. Eſq;

June 15, 1711.

I Send you Dennis's remarks on the Eſſay *, which equally abound in juſt criticiſms and fine raillerries. The few obſervations in my hand in the margins are what a morning's leiſure permitted me to make purely for your peruſal. For I am of opinion that ſuch a critic, as you will find him, by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly anſwered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time perſecuted by Fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been ſpared in the Eſſay, for that only reaſon. I cannot conceive what ground he has for ſo exceſſive a reſentment, nor imagine how theſe three lines † can be called a reflection on his perſon, which only deſcribe him ſubject a little to anger on ſome occaſions. I have heard of combatants ſo very furious, as to fall down themſelves with that very blow which they deſigned to lay heavy on their antagoniſts. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to diſcourage young and unexperienced writers from ſcribbling, he ſhould frighten us with his verſe, not proſe: For I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner, ſome very ſad example has done the buſineſs. Yet to give this man his due, he has ob-

* On Criticiſm.

† But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

jected to one or two lines with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe of another edition: I will make my enemy do me a kindneſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve inſtead of a friend. What he obſerves at the bottom of page 20, of his Reflections, was objected to by yourſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of the preſs: I confeſs it what the Engliſh call a *bull*, in the expreſſion, though the ſenſe be manifeſt enough: Mr. Dennis's bulls are ſeldom in the expreſſion, they are generally in the ſenſe.

I ſhall certainly never make the leaſt reply to him; not only becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opinion, that if a book cannot anſwer for itſelf to the public, it is to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it *. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely, I do not deſire all the world ſhould be deceived (which would be of very ill conſequence), merely that I myſelf may be thought right, (which is of very little conſequence). I would be the firſt to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to have been in an errour, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known; it has been the occaſion of making me friends and open abettors, of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit, and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world, or I ſhould never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that it was a cuſtom among the Romans, while a general rode in triumph, to have the common ſoldiers in the ſtreets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

* In works of poetry and amuſement, and generally, in whatever concerns the compoſition of a book, this rule is a very good one. In controverted opinions the caſe is different.

You

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days, ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a wit was attacked for his *religion*, as, you will find, I am moſt zealouſly in this Treatiſe; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the oppoſite ſide on this account *. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos uſquam locus, et ſuper ipſi
Dardanidæ infenſi pœnas cum ſanguine poſcunt!

It is however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial;

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no religion.

The manner in which Mr. D— takes to pieces ſeveral particular lines, detached from their natural places, may ſhew how eaſy it is to a caviller to give a new ſenſe, or a new nonſenſe to any thing. And indeed his conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbe is not of that ſort, who, with the utmoſt candour and freedom, has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhewn himſelf one (as he very well expreſſes it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the monks, is, that he thinks moſt ſorts of learning flouriſhed among them, and I am of opinion, that only ſome ſort of learning was barely kept alive by them: He believes, that, in the moſt natural and obvious ſenſe, that line (*A ſecond deluge learning over-run*) will be underſtood of learning in general; and I fancy it will be underſtood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticiſm, poetry, &c. which is

* See the enſuing letter.

the only learning concerned in the ſubject of the Eſſay. It is true, that the monks did preſerve what learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's time; but thoſe who ſucceeded fell into the depth of barbariſm, or at leaſt ſtood at a ſtay while others aroſe from thence, inſomuch that even Eraſmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodneſs in not concealing what he thinks my errour. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book juſt at a time when his brethren raiſed a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candour, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you informed me of the miſtaken zeal of ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their buſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are ſick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary diſtemper. The ſimile objected to in my Eſſay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

plainly concludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands a full ſtop: And what follows (*Meanly they ſeek*, &c.) ſpeaks only of wit, (which is meant by that bleſſing, and that ſun), for how can the ſun of faith be ſaid to ſublime the ſouthern wits, and to ripen the geniuſes of northern climates? I fear, theſe gentlemen underſtand grammar as little as they do criticiſm: And, perhaps, out of good-nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the cenſure of ignorance, and to have it to themſelves. The word *they* refers (as, I am ſure, I meant, and as I thought every one muſt have

have known) to thoſe critics there ſpoken of, who are partial to ſome particular ſet of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very ſimile itſelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the cenſure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unleſs they call our church *one ſmall ſect*: And the cautious words (*by each man*) manifeſtly ſhow it a general reflection on all ſuch (whoever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty, which the reformed miniſters and Preſbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet, after all, I promiſe you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of ſound faith, though weak underſtanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize the ſpot where their objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow compaſs), that ſtumbling-block, though it be but a little pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) ſhould proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you, notwithſtanding, I will do or ſay nothing, however provoked (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Chatholic. I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great ſaint, Eraſmus, who, in the midſt of calumny, proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence, and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive Chriſtianity. However, I would adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of him to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forced to do that for his reputation, which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our church from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to them,

right

right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb it for things of ſo little conſequence as my credit and my ſenſe. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a prieſt none: for, as St. Auſtin finely ſays, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.*

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

June 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me, makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of ſetting before you, in a clear light, the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believed the beſt piece of ſervice one could do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but ourſelves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God, (which are hurled about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſtics), than as a real exception to almoſt univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our church, we muſt again ſubdivide; the Janſeniſt is damned by the

the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be errours, I grant, but I cannot think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: Therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a ſlight inſinuation, introduced ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary muſt needs have done good, in a nation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the ſuperſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the Roman empire, which is too manifeſt a truth to be denied, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith, who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, though they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt them, I cannot tell why, ſince now it is no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmothered in ſilence: For as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being ſlandered; it is our buſineſs now to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, or be content to be laughed at with ſuch as deſerve it.

As to particulars: You cannot but have obſerved, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of wit and faith lay to the word *they*: When that was beyond contradiction removed, (the very grammar ſerving to confute them), then the objection was againſt the

the ſimile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to, (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body), next the mention of ſuperſtition muſt become a crime; as if religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were ſcandal upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word againſt the Devil's baſtard. Afterwards more miſchief is diſcovered in a place that ſeemed innocent at firſt, the two lines about *ſchiſmatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared againſt thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: but theſe believers are called *dull*, and becauſe I ſay that thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers dull, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. ** theſe objections; who aſſured me I had ſaid nothing which a Catholic need to diſown; and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head, which, I confeſs, I cannot but acquieſce in; that when a ſet of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: What theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Eraſmus, whom their tribe oppreſſed and perſecuted, ſhould be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter, and to whom few will do juſtice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour; who, as he never refuſed to any one of merit of any party the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerved it from all others, though of ever ſo different intereſts or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of this ſort of liberty, and latitude of principle; which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes even af-

ter

ter death. As I would always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they are abſent, ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition, (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for Tonſon's printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and I fancy a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore, even of a liberal education, can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end.

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

To my Lord LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I Thank you for having given my poem of Windſor-Foreſt its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. It is one thing when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can, and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that it is his own likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow-ſcribblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advantage, that whereas others are offended if they have not more than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſed if you had ſo much: Therefore I may ſafely do you as much injury in my word, as you do yourſelf

yourſelf in your own thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſhewn you a favour, in ſparing your modeſty, and you cannot but make me ſome return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of theſe verſes, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumſtance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordſhip's, etc.

LETTER V.

The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I Am very glad, for the ſake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceaſed, that Betterton's remains * are fallen into ſuch hands as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Beſides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private converſation, and ever thought it pity, he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of his fortune, to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your deſign of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am ſatisfied it will be doubly divine, and I ſhall long to ſee it. I ever thought church-muſic the moſt raviſhing of all harmonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe

* A tranſlation of ſome part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the prologue, etc. printed in a miſcellany with ſome works of Mr. Pope, in 2 vols 12mo, by B. Lintot.

ſacred

ſacred ſubjects, well handled, the moſt inſpiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (though I know that rather than draw any juſt reflection upon yourſelf of the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would freely have ſuppreſſed one of the beſt of poems.) I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince; but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he will be in London. I have, ſince I ſaw you, correſponded with Mrs. W. I hope ſhe is now with her aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concerned; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſtay ſhe make's there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people uſually go into unknown, or half-diſcovered countries, utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left alone; yet, we ſee, the world generally takes

care they ſhall be ſo; whereas if we took a conſiderate proſpect of the world, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy and eaſy ſhould be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore excuſe ſome near allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as ſorrow; all I ſhall ſay to you of them at preſent is, that they have not been my relations theſe two months. The conſent of opinions in our minds is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have ſhewn towards me, have not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſcovery of that generous and manly compaſſion you manifeſted in the caſe of this unhappy lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtyle which was once peculiar to friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: So that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by a complaiſant and open kindneſs.——Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myſelf already: Expoſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of vanity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men), and be kindly content for the future, when you would pleaſe me thoroughly, to ſay only you like what I write.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the requeſt I have often made you; for you have ſhown me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the light of

of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent; ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerved friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain, without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabille of the underſtanding. You have proved yourſelf more tender of another's embryos than the fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have preſerved every thing that I miſcarried of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may again riſe in judgment againſt me; yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid ſince this has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my ſlighteſt thoughts. The reviſal of theſe letters has been a kind of examination of conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully have I ſet down in them from time to time the true and undiſguiſed ſtate of my mind. But I find, that theſe, which were intended as ſketches of my friendſhip, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landſcapes we commonly ſee in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can repreſent but a very ſmall part of it, and that deprived of the life and luſtre of nature. I perceived that the more I endeavoured to render manifeſt the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by repreſenting leſs and leſs of it: As glaſſes which are deſigned to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing firſt upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces of it ſerve to refreſh the remembrance, and are not diſpleaſing on that ſcore; ſo, I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon that you do not diſlike my letters.

They will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in the deſign I mentioned to you. I believe I had better ſteal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would letters

patents, ſince they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to apprehend this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: And thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrowed from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain; and whoſe works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleaſed to declare, that my verſes are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: But indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault; I have endeavoured my utmoſt that they ſhould. But theſe things are only whiſpered, and I will not encroach upon Boys's province and *pen-whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

From my Lord LANSDOWN.

Oct. 21, 1713.

I Am pleaſed beyond meaſure with your deſign of tranſlating Homer. The trials which you have already made and publiſhed on ſome parts of that author, have ſhewn that you are equal to ſo great a taſk: And you may therefore depend upon the utmoſt ſervices I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your ſervice.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleaſed to concern yourſelf, has had the good effects of the Queen's grace to him. I had notice the night before I began my journey, that her Majeſty had not only directed his pardon, but ordered a writ for reverſing his outlawry.

Your, etc.

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LETTER IX.

To General ANTHONY HAMILTON *;

Upon his having tranſlated into French verſe the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*.

Oct. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart as you have done thoſe of my head, in your excellent verſion of my Eſſay; I ſhould not only appear the beſt writer in the world, but, what I much more deſire to be thought, the moſt your ſervant of any man living. It is an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the ſame time made others take my ſenſe, and taught me to underſtand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verſes are no more a tranſlation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the juſteſt imitation and the nobleſt commentary.

In putting me into a French dreſs, you have not only adorned my outſide, but mended my ſhape; and, if I am now a good figure, I muſt conſider you have naturalized me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to moſt young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wiſh we had a bill of commerce for tranſlation eſtabliſhed the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourſelves amends for any thing we have loſt by the war. Nay, though we ſhould inſiſt upon the demoliſhing of Boileau's works, the French, as long they have

* Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont Contas*, and other pieces of note in French.

writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our miniſters ought to be, of the terms I have gained from abroad; and I deſign, like them, to publiſh ſpeedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot reſiſt the temptation of printing your admirable tranſlation here *; to which if you will be ſo obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am

Your, etc.

* This was never done, for the two printed French verſions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monſieur Roboton, private ſecretary to King George the Firſt, printed in quarto at Amſterdam, and at London, 1717. The other by the Abbé Reſnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, Mr. CONGRAVE, etc.

From 1712 to 1715.

LETTER I.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a ſolitude, an houſe between Hampſtead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumſtance ſet me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir Charles, who breathed his laſt in this room,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

This was a happy talent to a man of the town; but, I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him that he had prayed,

Oh thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turned to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerved the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at — *Hark a glad voice* — and — *The lamb with wolves ſhall graze* —

There

There is but one line which I think below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſſed it with a good and pious, but not ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet, *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better that the Pollio. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

The Anſwer.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life, from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either ſolitude, or public life. In the former, men, for the moſt part, grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed by too much precipitation; as waters lying ſtill, putrefy, and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and foreſts amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem deſigned for ſolitude, ſuch, I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As for my own part, I am one of thoſe of whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut*

putent

putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt. Some men, like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimilitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground *. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that quiet which Cowley calls *the companion of obſcurity*. But whoever has the muſes too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee, I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt; but, if his chance be otherwiſe, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

To Mr. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well; thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and, I hope, have received

* The foregoing ſimilitudes our author had put into verſe ſome years before, and inſerted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on Mixed Life. We find them in the verſification very diſtinct from the reſt of that Poem. See his poſthumous works, octavo, p. 3, and 4.

ſome

ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that Time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: It is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom

every

every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they were uſed to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age "is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or is "meaſured by number of years. But Wiſdom is the "grey hair to men, and an unſpotted life is old age. "He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould "alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul," &c. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or ſix men of ſome learning; where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the Emperor Adrian ſpoke on his deathbed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that Prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could not but differ from this opinion: Methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of its departure; in which ſenſe I naturally took the verſes at my firſt reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,

Que

Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca!

"Alas, my ſoul! Thou pleaſing companion of this "body, thou fleeting thing that art now deſerting "it! Whither art thou flying? To what unknown "ſcene? All trembling, fearful, and penſive? What "now is become of thy former wit and humour? "Thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: It is the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: And if we conſider the Emperor was a Heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes. — If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of Adrian, be pleaſed to inſert it in the Spectator; if not, to ſuppreſs it.

I am, etc.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM, TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting ſpirit! wand'ring fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing, cheerful gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

LET-

LETTER V.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I Have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiſs of weight enough to call a fault, but ſee in it a thouſand thouſand beauties. Mr. Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow: After his peruſal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I deſire you would let me know whether you are at leiſure or not? I have a deſign which I ſhall open a month or two hence, with the aſſiſtance of the few like yourſelf. If your thoughts are unengaged, I ſhall explain myſelf further. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have ſhown to the Poem I ſent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind ſeverity I hope for from you. No errours are ſo trivial, but they deſerve to be mended. But ſince you ſay you ſee nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it ſo, that I have confined the attendance of * guardian ſpirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to ſeveral, but it is my buſineſs to be informed of thoſe faults I do not know; and as for thoſe I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You ſpeak of that poem in a ſtyle I neither merit, nor expect; but, I aſſure you, if you freely mark or daſh out, I ſhall look upon your blots to be its greateſt beauties:

* This is not now to be found in the Temple of Fame, which was the poem here ſpoken of.

I mean, if Mr. Addiſon and yourſelf ſhould like it in the whole; otherwiſe the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really ſo diffident of it as to let it lie by me theſe * two years, juſt as you now ſee it. I am afraid of nothing ſo much as to impoſe any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the laſt period of your letter, I ſhall be very ready and glad to contribute to any deſign that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am ſure, all yours do. I wiſh I had but as much capacity as leiſure, for I am perfectly idle: (a ſign I have not much capacity).

If you will entertain the beſt opinion of me, be pleaſed to think me your friend. Aſſure Mr. Addiſon of my moſt faithful ſervice, of every one's eſteem he muſt be aſſured already. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM ſorry you publiſhed that notion about Adrian's verſes as mine: Had I imagined you would uſe my name, I ſhould have expreſſed my ſentiments with more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to have your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, which I diſtruſted. But, I think the ſuppoſition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, (" that he might fear " no ſort of deity, good or bad"), ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſolicitous whether his ſoul was going. As to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions, I have owned my opinion to be, that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that diminutives

* Hence it appears this poem was writ before the author was twenty-two years old.

are

are as often, in the Latin-tongue, uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *virgo bella* is not half ſo endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Auguſtus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: It was the *homunciolum* that expreſſed the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould myſelf be much better pleaſed, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM Mr. STEELE.

THis is to deſire of you that you would pleaſe to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying ſpirit, that is to ſay, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three ſtanzas for muſic. If you comply with this, and ſend me word ſo, you will very particularly oblige

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

I Do not ſend you word I will do, but have already done the thing you deſire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) juſt warm from the brain. It came to me the firſt moment I waked this morning: Yet you will ſee it was not ſo abſolutely inſpiration, but that I had in my head not only the verſes of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, etc.

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

O D E.

I.

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

LETTER X.

To Mr. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I ſhould be at that of the ſun, ſo much as I wiſh for him this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be diſpleaſing to owls and obſcene animals, who cannot bear his luſtre. What put me in

in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon these bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him *. But indeed your opinion, that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (though indeed, in two minutes, it made me heartily merry.) He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves.

I am, Your, etc.

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called, "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of "John Dennis." See Swift's Works, printed for A. Donaldson, 1760, vol. v, p. 308.

LETTER XI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the contents of it. The * work you mention, will, I dare ſay, very ſufficiently recommend itſelf when your name appears with the propoſals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhowing it by this, or any other inſtance. I queſtion not but your tranſlation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from thoſe performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you conſider how it may moſt turn to your advantage. Excuſe my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your eaſe and happineſs. The work would coſt you a great deal of time, and, unleſs you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to it beſides yourſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country-buſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I might hope to ſee you here ſome time, and will not deſpair of it, when you engage in a work that will require ſolitude and retirement. I am

Your, etc.

* Tranſlation of the Iliad.

LET-

LETTER XII.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid ſo good a ſcheme for your great undertaking. I queſtion not but the proſe * will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourſelf ſome relief, and more pleaſure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in adviſing you not to content yourſelf with one half of the nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreſerved converſation; and that we may do ſo many more, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

YOur laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſome little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (ſo trivial as things of this nature ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every body talks of and every body as he pleaſes. It is a ſort of tax that attends an eſtate in Parnaſſus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion

* The notes to his tranſlation of Homer.

to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very perſons who firſt debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way diſpleaſed that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſatisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myſelf, that you know me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never to be miſtaken in either, ſo it is a pleaſure to me that you gueſſed ſo right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am ſorry to find it has taken air that I have ſome hand in thoſe papers, becauſe I write ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch a report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it with others. An honeſt Jacobite ſpoke to me the ſenſe or nonſenſe of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, though upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and perſons of ſour diſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. I confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reaſon in religious matters, I will hardly do it in any other.

I cannot imagine whence it comes to paſs that the few Guardians I have written are ſo generally known for mine: That in particular which you mention I never diſcovered to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: Yet almoſt every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the reſt of his politics. Though it is ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral

ſubjects,

ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I aſſure you, as to myſelf, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent; but (as old Dryden ſaid before me) it is not the violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas *, and the evening in the converſation of ſuch as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great, that is, honeſt principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming calumny and miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt even be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, though never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented: it would

* See the epiſtle to him in verſe, writ about this time, vol. ii. p. 136.

be

be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, grovelling with T* in the very centre of nonſenſe: now I am recreated with the briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele, in his liveſieſt and freeſt humours, darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of grammar of C* and D*. Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unſettled in his beſt part, his ſoul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the conſtancy of the one ſhook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconſiſtency; ſickneſs and pain is the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when all our ſpace is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crouded into this little inſtant of our life, which (as Shakeſpear finely words it) is rounded with a ſleep? Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of him who gave it, than a ſcarce-perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals, whoſe circle of living is limited

mited to three or four hours, as the naturaliſts tell us, are yet as long-lived, and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with a view to all ſpace, and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, within his life of ſome minutes; and of how much leſs conſideration than even this, is the life of man in the ſight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but muſt ſee the world and its contemptible grandeurs, leſſen before him at every thought? It is enough to make one remain ſtupified in a poize of inaction, void of all deſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect ourſelves: Our paſſions, our intereſts flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return ſo much into myſelf, as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for the inſignificancy of myſelf. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOur letter found me very buſy in my grand undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give up myſelf for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to pleaſe myſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and a few others, by writing. It is no comfortable proſpect to be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over, before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the Greek fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to flatter myſelf, that Homer ſecretly ſeems inclined to a correſpondence with me, in letting me

me into a good part of his intentions. There are, indeed, a ſort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called *commentators* and *critics*, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs under pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves have digged, encompaſſed with dirt of their own heaping up; but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by uſing the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I ſhall be paid, and are ſolicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many diſcarded generals, to be firſt envied and maligned, then perhaps praiſed, and laſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterpriſes) I have already experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves, or are not: If they are not, they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechiſed me. But if they can read, (for, I know, ſome critics can, and others cannot), there are fairly lying before them ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this author in the Miſcellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig, becauſe I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendſhip, and of late with my Lord Hallifax's patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a perſon who has been well-uſed by all ſides, has been offenſive to none. This miſerable age is ſo ſunk between animoſities of party and thoſe of religion, that I begin to fear, moſt men have politics enough to make (through violence) the beſt ſcheme of government a bad one; and belief enough to hinder their own

ſalvation.

ſalvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than is conſiſtent with common juſtice and charity, and always as much as becomes a Chriſtian and honeſt man. Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papiſt here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five, as being ſo too much or too little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſtakes, and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer for it. God is my witneſs, that I no more envy you Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I do our prieſts their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both ſides; for I know that one virtue of a free ſpirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-ſouled people in the world. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by one of my friends *, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleaſed to ſpeak of me in a manner which nothing but the real reſpect I have for you can deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolencies have loſt their effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has ſo little intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Methinks no man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of one who deſires no real ſervice. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to ſay, civility; being neither ſo proud as to be inſenſible of any good office,

* See a letter from Mr. Jervas, and the anſwer to it, No. xxii, xxiii.

nor ſo humble, as not to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value myſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you: For (to ſay the truth) all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould be under a neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the author of Cato can ſpeak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you ſincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it. It is therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I repoſe in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice; and yet expect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ſame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ones.

I have a farther requeſt, which I muſt preſs with earneſtneſs. My bookſeller is reprinting the Eſſay on Criticiſm, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator, No. 253. The period in that paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted ſome ſtrokes "of ill-nature into that Eſſay," is the only one I could wiſh omitted of all you have written; but I would not deſire it ſhould be ſo, unleſs I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and, you may be aſſured, they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of ſincerity, (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion), give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame Spectator, which I wiſh you would alter. It is where you mention an obſervation upon Homer's verſes of Siſyphus's ſtone, as * never having been made before by any of the critics: I

* Theſe words are ſince left out in Mr. Tickell's edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addiſon's life.

happened

happened to find the ſame in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus's treatiſe, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon theſe verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften your expreſſion, when you ſee the paſſage, which you muſt needs have read, though it be ſince ſlipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmoſt eſteem,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

To the Honourable ——— ———

June 8, 1714.

THE queſtion you aſk in relation to Mr. Addiſon and Philips, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Mr. Philips did expreſs himſelf with much indignation againſt me one evening at Button's coffeehouſe, (as I was told), ſaying, that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write againſt the Whig-intereſt, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addiſon; but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occaſion, though I was almoſt every night in the ſame room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum. Mr. Addiſon came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and aſſured me of his diſbelief of what had been ſaid, of the friendſhip we ſhould always maintain, and deſired I would ſay nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to ſtir in this matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral people to obviate a falſe aſperſion, which might have done me no ſmall prejudice with one party. However Philips did all he could ſecretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the ſubſcriptions paid for me to him, as ſecretary to that club. The heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with ſuch a man) I would not aſk him for this mo-

ney, but commiſſioned one of the players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the ſecret grounds of this malignity *, they will make a very pleaſant hiſtory when we meet. Mr. Congreve and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the ſubject of their ridicule on their ſecretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's paſtorals. The ingenious author is extremely your ſervant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed ſecretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embaſſy to Hanover.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which, I am ſure, you will always defend your friend in his abſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I ſhall never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble defenders, and in ſuch contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they would injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which Philips ſaid in his fooliſhneſs: But I cannot tell from any thing in your

* Theſe grounds were Mr. Pope's writing the ironical compariſon between his own and Philips's Paſtorals in the Guardian. It was taken for a ſerious criticiſm by Steele, (who received it from an unknown hand), and by all at Button's, except Mr. Addiſon, who ſaw into the joke immediately: And the next time he met Mr. Pope, told him into what a ridiculous ſituation he had put his friends at Button's, who had declared their diſlike of having Philips ſo extolled at the expenſe of another of the club. Which was the language Steele had before held with Pope when he firſt received the papers.

letter,

ſetter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launched into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human ſciences, which, I aſſure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for ſome years paſt, looked upon all of them no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at every little diſappointment here, and even, in caſe of no diſappointments here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: For thoſe hate not more to be excelled, than theſe to be rivalled: And at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourſelf, and that the ſame or leſs induſtry might have gained you a friendſhip that can never deceive or end; a ſatisfaction, which praiſe cannot beſtow, nor vanity feel; and a glory, which, (though in one reſpect like fame, not to be had till after death), yet ſhall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all: For half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams of impreſ-

ſions upon the imagination: Our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy images, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturbed with the fumes of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long habit, and wearineſs of the ſame track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make one old in rhyme: And I ſhould be ſorry and aſhamed to go on jingling to the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my bells to the next ſilly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of Reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables, and coupling rhymes, when he ſhould be mending his own ſoul, and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a taſk naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom, I almoſt fear, I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with headachs, that very much affect my ſight, and indeed ſince my coming hither I have ſcarce paſſed an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendſhip than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other

other accounts than his due ſenſe of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a taſk you undertake, when you profeſs yourſelf my friend; there are ſome Tories who will take you for a Whig, ſome Whigs who will take you for a Tory, ſome Proteſtants who will eſteem you a rank Papiſt, and ſome Papiſts who will account you a heretic.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrained, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that I am ſatisfied, but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the beſt people I know. While you believe me what I profeſs as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily bear that the moſt violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of public perſecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being looked upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the ſtate, or ruin the public. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obſtinacy, and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own deſpite.

ſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners, and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them, only becauſe they ſucceed.——Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, etc.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM juſt entered upon the old way of life again, ſleep and muſing. It is my employment to revive the old of paſt ages to the preſent, as it is yours to tranſmit the young of the preſent to the future. I am copying the great maſter in one art, with the ſame love and diligence with which the painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I ſhould begin my epiſtle to you, if it were a dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mentioned in your own praiſe but what one only in the world is witneſs to, your particular good-natured offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgements, or common diſcourſe: The firſt you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought: So in ſhort the laſt only remains.

And as for the laſt, what can you expect from a man who has not talked theſe five days? Who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the preſent world, its cuſtoms, and its manners, to be fully poſſeſſed and abſorpt in the paſt? When people talk of going to church, I think of ſacrifices and libations: when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him

as

as Chryſes prieſt of Apollo; and inſtead of the Lord's prayer, I begin,

God of the ſilver bow, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, I conſider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a ſpeedy concluſion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wiſh to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life are whether my friends are well? Whether my tranſlations go well on? Whether Dennis be writing criticiſms? Whether any body will anſwer him, ſince I do not? And whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

Auguſt 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices, which are numberleſs. Homer advances ſo faſt, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author,

Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of poetry; for it takes me up ſo entirely, that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think myſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to ſee you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briſeis.

I fancy

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe I am pretty ſure, there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any, and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtayed man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have lived to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrubt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a ſecret inſiſting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of ſuch an over-meaſure of deference and regard, as anſwers to their own extravagant falſe ſcale; and which nobody can pay, becauſe none but themſelves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Auguſt 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleaſes me ſo much, that you muſt expect a more than

than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in ſuſpenſe for twenty lines; but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addiſon and I have had a converſation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainſcot, or behind ſome half-length picture, to have heard. He aſſured me, that he would make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art to do you ſome ſervice; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is ſenſible that nothing can have a better air for himſelf than moving in your favour, eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread, that he did not care you ſhould proſper too much as a poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault, if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animoſity; but now all is ſafe, and you are eſcaped even in his opinion. I promiſed in your name, like a good godfather, not that you ſhould renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own ſake; therefore prepare yourſelf for ſome civilities.

I have done Homer's head, ſhadowed and heightened carefully; and I incloſe the outline of the ſame ſize, that you may determine whether you would have it ſo large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the ſquare of the buſto? perhaps there is ſomething more ſolemn in the image itſelf, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been inſtrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addiſon together with all ſincerity, I value myſelf upon it as an acceptable piece of ſervice to ſuch a one as I know you to be.

Your, etc.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. POPE's Anſwer.

Auguſt 27, 1714.

I AM juſt arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your Whig-principles of reſiſtance exceedingly, in the ſpirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wiſh for them. Mr. Addiſon's verſes on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer, in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou goddeſs heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addiſon and me, deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which was uſed by Philips, to make a man I ſo highly value, ſuſpect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addiſon muſt be the judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeemed to be no very juſt one to me; ſo, I muſt own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip. As for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow depths of thoſe half-witted creatures who miſinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore aſhamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addi-

ſon

ſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that paſſed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reſerve) of our correſpondence. The engagements I had to him were ſuch, as the actual ſervices he had done me, in relation to the ſubſcription for Homer, obliged me to. I muſt have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ſerves me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to any party: Nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardſhip of aſking this leave, which is the greateſt obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig party than the ſame liberty. —— A curſe on the word *party*, which I have been forced to uſe ſo often in this period! I wiſh the preſent reign may put an end to the diſtinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honeſt and knave, fool and man of ſenſe; theſe two ſorts muſt always be enemies; but for the reſt, may all people do as you and I, believe what they pleaſe, and be friends.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of HALIFAX*.

My Lord, *Dec.* 1, 1714

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for thoſe you intend me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: And if ever I become troubleſome or ſolicitous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I ſet be-

* See the note on ver. 116, of his Imit. of the firſt Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

tween an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is indeed a high ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of making me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome few hours: But if I may have leave to add, it is becauſe you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be very much (as I ſincerely am)

Your, etc.

LETTER XXV *.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. POPE.

I Am writing you a long letter, but all the tediouſneſs I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove ſome of the uneaſineſs which you may have felt from the oppoſition of the world, and which you ſhould be aſhamed to feel, ſince it is but the teſtimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unqueſtionable. What would you have otherwiſe, from ignorance, envy, or thoſe tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exaſperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we ſpeak ill of happier ſtudies, and ſighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.———

My † Zoilus, which you uſed to write about, I finiſhed laſt Spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to ſend it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagined it a loſt piece of la-

* This, and the three extracts following, concerning the tranſlation of the firſt Iliad, ſet on foot by Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Pope has omitted in his firſt edition.

† Printed for B. Lintot, 1715. 8vo, and afterwards added to the laſt edition of his poems.

bour.

labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me a word.

I have here ſeen the firſt book of Homer*, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, that you may, if you pleaſe, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equal maſtery with yours; but what ſurpriſes me more is, that, a ſcholar being concerned, there ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he ſhould have ſpoils when Troy ſhould be taken) to be a cool and ſerious propoſal; the tranſlating what you call *ablution* by the word *offals*, and ſo leaving water out of the rite of luſtration, etc. but you muſt have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, etc.

Extract from a LETTER of the Rev. Dr. BERKLEY, Dean of Londonderry.

July 7, 1715.

—Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myſelf, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, ſat in judgment upon the two new tranſlations of the firſt Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I aſſure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimouſly of opinion, that yours was equally juſt to the ſenſe with Mr. —'s, and without compariſon more eaſy, more poetical, and more ſublime. But I will ſay no more on ſuch a thread-bare ſubject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, etc.

* Written by Mr. Addiſon, and publiſhed in the name of Mr. Tickell.

Extract from a LETTER of MR. GAY to MR. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

—I have juſt ſet down Sir Samuel Garth at the opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleaſed with your tranſlation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addiſon ſaid the other tranſlation was the beſt that ever was in any language *. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindneſs gave me a ſqueeze by the forefinger.—I am informed that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, etc. and Mr. Addiſon ſays, that your tranſlation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, etc.

Extract from a LETTER of DR. ARBUTHNOT to MR. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

—I congratulate you upon Mr. T*'s firſt book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was ſtrangely diſappointed in my expectation of a tranſlation nicely true to the original; whereas in thoſe parts where the greateſt exactneſs ſeems to be demanded, he has been the leaſt careful, I mean the hiſtory of ancient ceremonies and rites, etc. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, etc.

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his preface to an edition of the Drummer, a comedy by Mr. Addiſon, ſhews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addiſon himſelf was the perſon who tranſ-"lated this book."

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

MR. POPE to the Hon. JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water: For the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us: Nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when Old England is no longer Old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For, they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T*'s and my Translation. I (like the Torries) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I translated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in

their birth. The new tranſlator of Homer is the humbleſt ſlave he has, that is to ſay, his firſt miniſter; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his abſolute lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and maſters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the ſmall court-faction at Button's. But, after all I have ſaid of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: And I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the grand monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be reſpected, though we know he watches any occaſion to oppreſs us *.

When I talk of Homer, I muſt not forget the early preſent you made me of Monſieur de la Motte's book: And I cannot conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and ſoupes are no more! you ſee I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the miniſter, but to the friend †. However, it is ſome mark of uncommon regard to the miniſter that I ſteal an expreſſion from a Secretary of State.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion; I have got (I cannot tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing myſelf out upon paper

* We find here moſt of the ſentiments he ſoon after put into verſe on this occaſion.

† Alluding to St. John's letter to Prior, publiſhed in the *Report of the Secret Committee*.

without

without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not: The cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in diſcovering its own fault at firſt view; as when a ſtream ſhews the dirt at its bottom, it ſhews alſo the tranſparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſioned, however, by any thing an abuſive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and cenſured by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in ſometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters ſo ſoon as I ought. Thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial: A friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo arrant an author as even to deſire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleaſed with a ſaying of Monſieur Tourreil: "When a man writes, he ought to animate himſelf with the thoughts of pleaſing all the world: But he is to renounce that deſire or hope, the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yeſterday, having paſſed a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. M—, whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord Hallifax's.

I hoped

I hoped from thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from the preſent adminiſtration: For few people (I think) but I, pay reſpects to great men without any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a Papiſt and a poet. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpoſe, for without the *Opes, æquum mî animum ipſe parabo.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE farce of the What-d'ye-call it * has occaſioned many different ſpeculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jeſt upon the tragic poets, others as a ſatire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the action to be tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the audience laugh; and ſays the Prince and Princeſs muſt doubtleſs be under no leſs amazement on the ſame account. Several Templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſſed they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt nights (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſhed by very full audiences of the firſt quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two critics ſeem determined to undeceive the town at

* Written by Gay.

their

their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: To encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is reſolved a preface ſhall be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſhed by others, but ſuffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of intereſt, as yet, whatever may be his proſpects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill: But am really amazed that ſo much of that ſour and pernicious quality ſhould be joined with ſo much natural good-humour, as, I think, Mr. Steele is poſſeſſed of.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addiſon is ſitting for his picture; in the mean time, amidſt clouds of tobacco at a coffeehouſe, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffeehouſe in the city, and Titcomb is reſtored to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loſs for a perſon to converſe with upon the fathers and church-hiſtory; the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his ſkill in aſtronomy to him and Mr. Whiſton, ſo celebrated of late for his diſcovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verſes.

verſes *. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be played in Eaſter week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to perſonate a character directly oppoſite to female nature; for what woman ever deſpiſed ſovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight ſhaves his head, by diſcovering it was the thing which all women moſt coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which cauſes the ſheets to be long a-drying: This gives Mr. Lintot great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his pariſh to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a ſixpenny criticiſm lately publiſhed upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is againſt the Pilgrim's Progreſs being read, which, he ſays, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this cenſure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progreſs being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having juſt eight times (as he quaintly expreſſes it) viſited the preſs. He has alſo endeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of the play alludes to ſome fine part of tragedy, which, he ſays, I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed †. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's houſe, I believe, will be publiſhed in the Eaſter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter foreſtalled all the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs it ſhould be one to you to ſay, that I ſit up till two o'clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become ſo much a rake, that I ſhall be aſhamed in a ſhort time to be thought to do any ſort of buſineſs. I fear I muſt get

* Called, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's miſcellanies.

† This curious piece was intitled, A complete key to the What-d'ye-call-it, written by one Griffin a player, aſſiſted by Lewis Theobald.

the

the gout by drinking; purely for a faſhionable pretence to ſit ſtill long enough to tranſlate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may ſucceed to the bed and couch of my predeceſſor: Pray cauſe the ſtuffing to be repaired, and the crutches ſhortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all our friends, that is to ſay, all that know you, muſt ſhare in; we deſire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a perſecution, and much afflicted with a diſtemper which proves mortal to many poets, a criticiſm. We have indeed ſome relieving intervals of laughter (as you know there are in ſome diſeaſes), and it is the opinion of divers good gueſſers, that the laſt fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets aſſailed by critics, are like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on ſo much the faſter.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precurſor to the coming of Homer, in a treatiſe called *Homerides*. He has ſince riſen very much in his criticiſm, and, after aſſaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What-d'ye-call-it *. Yet is there not a proclamation iſſued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet ſilenced by the Lord Chamberlain.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

May 6.

I Have the pleaſure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendſhip and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to expreſs in this letter. I do aſſure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very ſorry I had not the good luck to

* In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*.

ſee

ſee the Dean before I left the town: It is a great pleaſure to me, and not a little vanity to think that he miſſes me. As to my health, which you are ſo kind to inquire after, it is not worſe than in London: I am almoſt afraid yet to ſay that it is better, for I cannot reaſonably expect much effect from theſe waters in ſo ſhort a time; but in the main they ſeem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuſe, contributes very much to my ſatisfaction. At the ſame time that I regret the want of your converſation, I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that you are where you firſt ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray, give my humble ſervice, and beſt wiſhes to your good mother. I am ſorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I ſhould have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuenſis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: And you know *ex quovis ligno*, etc. You will pardon Mrs. R—'s pedantry, and believe me to be

Your, etc.

P. S. By the incloſed you will ſee I am like to be impreſſed, and inrolled in the liſt of Mr. Curll's authors; but, I thank God! I ſhall have your company. I believe it high time you ſhould think of adminiſtering another emetic.

LET-

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1714, to 1721.

LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuſe rather to run the riſque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you juſt now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never ſeen it before. Style, painting, judgement, ſpirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all thoſe images, alluſions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raiſe ſo ſurpriſingly, and at the ſame time ſo naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot ſay that I was more pleaſed with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew, in your thoughts, the remembrance of one who values no happineſs beyond the friendſhip of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention ſome half-formed deſign of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a muſe that ſings ſo well in the bleak climate of England, if ſhe felt the ſame warm ſun, and breathed the ſame air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of poets, that have all the inclination, but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the ancients. Some among them, who underſtand Engliſh, begin to reliſh our

authors; and I am informed, that at Florence they have tranſlated Milton into Italian verſe. If one who knows ſo well how to write like the old Latin poets, came among them; it would probably be a means to retrive them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predeceſſors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleaſure, etc. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to ſtore his mind with ſtrong images of nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling ſtreams, are no where in ſuch perfection as in England: But if you would know lightſome days, warm ſuns, and blue ſkies, you muſt come to Italy: And to enable a man to deſcribe rocks and precipices, it is abſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the Alps.

You will eaſily perceive that it is ſelf-intereſt makes me ſo fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into theſe parts, I ſhould fly to ſee you. I am here, by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's, in quality of chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who, about three months ſince, left the greateſt part of his family in this town. God knows how long we ſhall ſtay here. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THough, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you ſhall ſee by this letter upon the neck of my laſt, that I pay a double tax, as we nonjurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this ſide of the ſea are under terrible apprehenſions from your long ſtay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (ſince

(ſince the great ſucceſs of ſuch a play as the Nonjuror) that politeneſs is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the ſame time with frogs, and with equal ſucceſs. Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to croſs the ſeas, and leave Euſden in full and peaceable poſſeſſion of the Britiſh laurel: And we begin to wiſh you had the ſinging of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourſelves, *in ſæcula ſæculorum.* It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your ſwans would come hither, eſpecially that ſwan, who, like a true modern one, does not ſing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the reſt of the world) a ſufferer by his idleneſs. Indeed I hate that any man ſhould be idle, while I muſt tranſlate and comment; and I may the more ſincerely wiſh for good poetry from others, becauſe I am become a perſon out of the queſtion; for a tranſlator is no more a poet, than a tailor is a man.

You are, doubtleſs, perſuaded of the validity of that famous verſe,

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Antichriſt; a man that hath abſented himſelf ſo long from his friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that conſtant pair) cannot conſole themſelves for your abſence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: It will be a noble ſubject for a family-piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful ſhadows, come to us, and ſee with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on

them); ſee, I ſay, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your abſence: And with what ſneaking city attitudes our moſt celebrated perſonages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Forteſcue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and laſtly (to climb by juſt ſteps and degrees) my Lord Burlington deſires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flouriſh, his ſtructures riſe, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themſelves to all about him: Of whom I the meaneſt (next to ſome Italian fiddlers, and Engliſh bricklayers) am a living inſtance. Adieu.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmoſt to lead my life ſo pleaſantly as to forget all misfortunes, I ſhould tell you I reckoned your abſence no ſmall one; but I hope you have alſo had many good and pleaſant reaſons to forget your friends on this ſide the world. If a wiſh could tranſport me to you and your preſent companions, I could do the ſame. Dr Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a cheerful hoſt at his own table: I ſuppoſe he has perfectly learned himſelf, what he has taught ſo many others, *rupta non inſanire lagena:* Elſe he would not make a proper hoſt for your humble ſervant, who (you know), though he drinks a glaſs as ſeldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But it is a conſolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly lazineſs, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I ſhould reproach you for ſo long a ſilence. The beſt amends

you

you can make for ſaying nothing to me, is by ſaying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and eſteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His ſpirit is awakened very much in the cauſe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely aſſigns no other reaſon, than that the ſaid Sir Richard has abuſed Dr. Swift. I have alſo ſuffered in the like cauſe, and ſhall ſuffer more: Unleſs Parnelle ſends me his Zoilus and Bookworm, (which the Biſhop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols), it will be ſhortly, *concurrere bellum atque virum*— I love you all, as much as I deſpiſe moſt wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I will be as proud as Scipio, and ſay (ſince I am reduced to ſkin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne* oſſa *quidem habeas.*

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THat you have not heard from me of late, aſcribe not to the uſual lazineſs of your correſpondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the converſation of Dr Clarke: He entertained me with ſeveral drawings, and particularly with the original deſigns of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there ſaw and reverenced ſome of your firſt pieces, which future painters are to look upon as we poets do on the Culex of Virgil and Batrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to

aſk, what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his frogs *? *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, might be Horace's wiſh, but will never be mine while I have ſuch *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the ſpring will reſtore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleaſure you muſt take in being admired in your own country, which ſo ſeldom happens to prophets and poets: But in this you have the advantage of poets; you are maſter of an art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themſelves, or their own perſons. However, you have ſtaid long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs hiſtories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be hiſtorical, I recommend to your hand the ſtory which every pious Iriſhman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he tranſlated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England, to copy the frogs, and ſuch other vermin as were never ſeen in that land ſince the time of that Confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a hiſtory-painter. You have already done enough for the private, do ſomething for the public; and be not confined, like the reſt, to draw only ſuch ſilly ſtories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them right; thoſe ſtatues from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that deſign †.

* He tranſlated the Batrachom. of Homer, which is printed amongſt his Poems.

† Mr. Pope uſed to ſay he had had an acquaintance with three eminent painters, all of parts and ingenuity, but without common ſenſe. Inſtead of valuing themſelves on their performances in their own art, where they had merit; the one was deep in military architecture, without mathematics; the other in the doctrine of fate, without philoſophy; and the third in the tranſlation of Don Quixote, without Spaniſh.

As

As to your inquiry about your houſe, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of thoſe of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

animum pictura paſcit inani.

For the ſpacious manſion, like a Turkiſh caravanſerah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your houſe! Frank indeed does all he can in ſuch a circumſtance; for, conſidering he has a wild beaſt in it, he conſtantly keeps the door chained: Every time it is opened, the links rattle, the ruſty hinges roar. The houſe ſeems ſo ſenſible that you are its ſupport, that it is ready to drop in your abſence; but I ſtill truſt myſelf under its roof, as depending that Providence will preſerve ſo many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos, as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the ſins of one poet can hardly be ſo heavy as to bring an old houſe over the heads of ſo many painters. In a word, your houſe is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger *.

LETTER V.

The Hon. Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST poſt brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that it was a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my ſincerity in this opinion, is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleaſure is continually flow-

* Alluding to the ſtory of the Iriſhman.

ing.

ing. The Princes ſet the example, and the ſubjects follow at a diſtance. The ladies are of all parties *, by which means the converſation of the men is very much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt diſputes and politics, and rough jeſts, we are ſo guilty of; while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame time, theſe beauties are a little too artificial for my taſte: You have ſeen a French picture, the original is more painted, and ſuch a cruſt of powder and eſſence in their hair, that you can ſee no difference between black and red. By diſuſing ſtays and indulging themſelves at table, they run out of all ſhape; but as to that, they may give a good reaſon, they prefer conveniency to parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am ſurpriſed to find I have wrote ſo much ſcandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a wit, or imagine I muſt write in this ſtyle to a wit; I hope you will prove a good-natured one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall encouragement you meet with. I will not trouble myſelf to finiſh finely; a true compliment is better than a good one, and I can aſſure you without any, that I am very ſincerely,

Sir, Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. FENTON.

SIR, *May* 5.

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt month, but out of a deſire to give you ſome certain and ſatisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commiſſioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the riſing of the parliament, which will

* *i. e.* In all companies.

be

be as ſoon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leiſure. I dare ſay your way of life (which, in my taſte, will be the beſt in the world, and with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt prove highly to your contentment. And, I muſt add, it will be ſtill the more a joy to me, as I ſhall reap a particular advantage from the good I ſhall have done in bringing you together *, by ſeeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a houſe cloſe by mine, whither he propoſes to come in three weeks. In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher reliſh of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I deſire to know by the firſt poſt how ſoon I may hope for you.

I am a little ſcandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muſes have put ſo many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your queſtion, What I am doing? I anſwer, Juſt what I have been doing ſome years, my duty; ſecondly relieving myſelf with neceſſary amuſements, or exerciſes, which ſhall ſerve me inſtead of phyſic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and laſtly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the eaſier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the conſciouſneſs of doing my beſt. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honeſt men, who think me not quite undeſerving of it; and in finding no injuries from others

* Mr. Craggs had had no learned education; he wanted to improve himſelf in letters, and deſired Mr. Pope to chuſe him out a polite ſcholar, by whoſe converſation and inſtruction he might profit. Mr. Pope recommended Mr. Fenton; but Mr. Craggs's untimely death prevented the two latter from receiving the mutual benefits of this connection.

hurt

hurt me, as long as I know myſelf. I will add the ſincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undeſigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

Rev. Dean * BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, that, I dare ſay, you would eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it: And the imagination of a poet is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheleſs lately returned from an iſland, where I paſſed three or four months; which, were it ſet out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The iſland Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is in the hotteſt ſeaſon conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are moſtly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, etc. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the paſſen-

* Afterwards Biſhop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philoſopher, etc.

ger,

ger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene, is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the iſland (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*); its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to flocks of goats and ſheep; and the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which you have the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus: The greateſt part of which hath been ſung by Homer and Virgil, as making a conſiderable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The iſlands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miſeno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læſtrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagnia Felice, make but a part of this noble landſcape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The inhabitants of this delicious iſle, as they are without riches and honours, ſo are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much ſtrangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight offences. We had an inſtance of this the ſecond night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being ſhot dead by our door: And yet, by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among thoſe dangerous people

people. Would you know how we paſs the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: Beſides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to ſee what they call *una bella devotione* (i. e.) a ſort of religious opera), they make fireworks almoſt every week, out of devotion; the ſtreets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houſes, and treat them with muſic and ſweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little elſe to recommend it, beſide the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in Italy; however, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long ſince, that, being to viſit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: He liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed by

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to ***

Dec. 12, 1713.

THE old project of a window in the boſom, to render the ſoul of man viſible, is what every honeſt friend has manifold reaſon to wiſh for; yet even that would not do in our caſe, while you are ſo far ſeparated from me, and ſo long. I begin to fear you will die in Ireland, and that denunciation will be

be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I ſhould be apt to think you in Sancho's caſe; ſome Duke has made you governour of an iſland, or wet place, and you are adminiſtering laws to the wild Iriſh. But I muſt own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my ſtring; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himſelf Jupiter would have pardoned the other madman who called himſelf his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to; one that has been a poet, was degraded to a tranſlator, and at laſt, through mere dulneſs, is turned an architect. You know Martial's cenſure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum.* However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and ſurpriſe, (as Bays ſays); the next news you may expect to hear, is, that I am in debt.

The hiſtory of my tranſplantation and ſettlement which you deſire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, viciſſitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: Much more, ſhould I deſcribe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perſpectives, etc. of every palace and garden propoſed, intended, and happily raiſed, by the ſtrength of that faculty wherein all great geniuſes excel, imagination. At laſt, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the diſtricts of Richmond and Twickenham: It is here I have paſſed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than caſting a tranſitory glance (for a day or two at moſt in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my ſtructures riſe; for you my colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aſpire, and roſes bloom. And, to ſay truth, I hope poſterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all theſe things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a manſion prepared to re-

ceive you, againſt your own ſhould fall to duſt, which is deſtined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two ſuch ſervants, who have excelled in conſtancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myſelf? ſo much, and yet all put together ſo little, that I ſcarce care or know how to do it. But the very reaſons that are againſt putting it upon paper, are as ſtrong for telling it you in perſon; and I am uneaſy to be ſo long denied the ſatisfaction of it.

At preſent I conſider you bound in by the Iriſh ſea, like the ghoſts in Virgil,

Triſti palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx circumfuſa coërcet!

and I cannot expreſs how I long to renew our old intercourſe and converſation, our morning-conferences in bed in the ſame room, our evening-walks in the park, our amuſing voyages on the water, our philoſophical ſuppers, our lectures, our diſſertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not?—This awakens the memory of ſome of thoſe who have made a part in all theſe. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You juſtly reprove me for not ſpeaking of the death of the laſt: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whoſe memory I am erecting the beſt monument I can. What he gave me to publiſh was but a ſmall part of what he left behind him; but it was the beſt, and I will not make it worſe by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Cheſter, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, etc. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Weſtminſter-abbey.—After theſe, the beſt-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a ſaint or a philoſopher famous. But ill tongues, and worſe hearts, have branded even his

his laſt moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales on this ſubject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ****

Sept. 17.

THE gaity of your letter proves you not ſo ſtudious of wealth as many of your profeſſion are, ſince you can derive matter of mirth from want of buſineſs. You are none of thoſe lawyers who deſerve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret.* But your *circuit* will at leaſt procure you one of the greateſt of temporal bleſſings, health. What an advantageous circumſtance is it, for one that loves rambling ſo well, to be a grave and reputable rambler? while (like your fellow-circuiteer, the ſun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a ſuperiour genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon (to which I would ſooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk), can fly ſome hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor ſquirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excurſions are but like thoſe of a ſhopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his buſineſs all the while. Your letter of the cauſe lately before you, I could not but communicate to ſome ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correſpondence of the ſame ſort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to pleaſe the ſex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a moſt happy union of truth and ſcandal. I aſſure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of *grave*

and ſad men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Juſtice A. Judge P. and Counſellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his noſe, but thinks it inconſiſtent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithſtanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

My LORD,

IF your mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give an account of what extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterpriſing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonſon, who mounted on a ſtone-horſe, (no diſagreeable companion to your Lordſhip's mare), overtook me in Windſor-foreſt. He ſaid, he heard I deſigned for Oxford, the ſeat of the Muſes, and would, as my bookſeller, by all means accompany me thither.

I aſked him where he got his horſe? He anſwered, he got it of his publiſher: "For that rogue my prin-
" ter (ſaid he) diſappointed me: I hoped to put him
" in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a
" brown fricaſſee of rabbits, which coſt two ſhillings,
" with two quarts of wine, beſides my converſation.
" I thought myſelf cockſure of his horſe, which he
" readily promiſed me, but ſaid, that Mr. Tonſon
" had juſt ſuch another deſign of going to Cam-
" bridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of
" Horace from Dr. ——, and if Mr. Tonſon went,
" he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have
" the printing of the ſaid copy.

" So in ſhort I borrowed this ſtone-horſe of my
" publiſher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a
" debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you ſee after
" me: He was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, and coſt me
" near two hours to waſh the ink off his face; but

" the

" the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very for-
" ward in his catechiſe: If you have any more bags,
" he ſhall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing three ſhirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an inſtant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: " Now damn
" them! what if they ſhould put it into the news-
" paper, how you and I went together to Oxford?
" what would I care? If I ſhould go down into Suſ-
" ſex, they would ſay I was gone to the Speaker.
" But what of that? If my ſon were but big enough
" to go on with the buſineſs, by G-d I would keep
" as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquired of his ſon. " The lad (ſays
" he) has fine parts, but is ſomewhat ſickly, much
" as you are.—I ſpare for nothing in his education
" at Weſtminſter. Pray, do not you think Weſt-
" minſter to be the beſt ſchool in England? moſt of
" the late miniſtry came out of it, ſo did many of
" this miniſtry. I hope the boy will make his for-
" tune."

Do not you deſign to let him paſs a year at Ox-
ford? " To what purpoſe? (ſaid he); the univerſi-
" ties do but make pedants, and I intend to breed
" him a man of buſineſs."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerved he ſat un-
eaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſſed ſome ſoli-
citude. Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough;
but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it
would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a while under
the woods. When we were alighted, " See here,
" what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket!
" what if you amuſed yourſelf in turning an ode till
" we mount again? Lord! if you pleaſed, what a
" clever miſcellany might you make at leiſure hours?"
Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is

an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my ſpirits: Then jog on apace, and I will think as hard as I can.

Silence enſued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, ſtopped ſhort, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I anſwered, Seven miles. "Z—ds, Sir," ſaid Lintot, "I "thought you had done ſeven ſtanzas. Oldſworth, "in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would tranſlate "a whole ode in half this time. I will ſay that for "Oldſworth, (though I loſt by his Timothy's), he "tranſlates an ode of Horace the quickeſt of any "man in England. I remember Dr. King would "write verſes in a tavern three hours after he could "not ſpeak; and there is Sir Richard, in that rum-"bling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and "St. Giles's pond, ſhall make you half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot, (ſaid I), now you talk of tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, "(replied he), thoſe are the ſaddeſt pack of rogues "in the world: In a hungry fit they will ſwear they "underſtand all the languages in the univerſe: I "have known one of them take down a Greek book "upon my counter, and cry, Ah, this is Hebrew, I "muſt read it from the latter end. By G-d I can "never be ſure in theſe fellows, for I neither under-"ſtand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myſelf. "But this is my way; I agree with them for ten "ſhillings *per* ſheet, with a proviſo, that I will have "their doings corrected by whom I pleaſe; ſo by "one or other they are led at laſt to the true ſenſe "of an author; my judgment giving the negative to "all my tranſlators." But how are you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? "Why, I get "any civil gentleman, (eſpecially any Scotchman), "that comes into my ſhop, to read the original to "me in Engliſh; by this I know whether my firſt "tranſlator be deficient, and whether my corrector "merits his money or not?

"I will tell you what happened to me laſt month:

"I

" I bargained with S* for a new verſion of Lucretius " to publiſh againſt Tonſon's, agreeing to pay the " author ſo many ſhillings at his producing ſo many " lines. He made a great progreſs in a very ſhort " time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare " with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's " tranſlation, and found it the ſame word for word, " all but the firſt page. Now, what do you think I " did? I arreſted the tranſlator for a cheat; nay, " and I ſtopt the corrector's pay too, upon this proof " that he had made uſe of Creech inſtead of the ori- " ginal."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? " Sir, (ſaid he), nothing more eaſy. I can ſilence " the moſt formidable of them: The rich ones for a " ſheet apiece of the blotted manuſcript, which coſts " me nothing; they will go about with it to their " acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the " author, who ſubmitted to their correction: This " has given ſome of them ſuch an air, that in time " they come to be conſulted with, and dedicated to, " as the top critics of the town.——As for the poor " critics, I will give you one inſtance of my manage- " ment, by which you may gueſs at the reſt. A lean " man, that looked like a very good ſcholar, came " to me the other day; he turned over your Homer, " ſhook his head, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and " piſhed at every line of it: One would wonder (ſays " he) at the ſtrange preſumption of ſome men; Ho- " mer is no ſuch eaſy taſk, that every ſtrippling, " every verſifier—He was going on, when my wife " called to dinner: Sir, ſaid I, will you pleaſe to " eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, ſaid he, " I am ſorry you ſhould be at the expence of this " great book, I am really concerned on your ac- " count—Sir, I am much obliged to you: If you " can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a ſlice " of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not ſay but Mr. Pope, " if he would condeſcend to adviſe with men of " learning—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if

" you

" you pleaſe to go in—My critic complies, he comes " to a taſte of your poetry, and tells me in the ſame " breath, that the book is commendable, and the " pudding excellent.

" Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot), in return to " the frankneſs I have ſhewn, pray tell me, is it the " opinion of your friends at court that my Lord " Lanſdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. " That may be (replied Mr. Lintot), but by G-d if " he is not, I ſhall loſe the printing of a very good " trial."

Theſe, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to my Lord Carleton and Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleaſures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordſhip. I hope in a few days to caſt myſelf from your horſe at your feet.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

[In anſwer to a letter in which he incloſed the deſcription of Buckingham-houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.].

PLINY was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay two houſes, as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have informed the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but it is dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret,

a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: He firſt introduced himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning, *Nocte pluit tota* — an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his ſatires he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked ſo feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houſes for his Grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter, and muſt be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours; but, finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by the large country-ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detached one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me, if I ſay nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed, who endeavoured to get into this houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect after the entry through the porch to be

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let into the hall: Alas nothing leſs! you find yourſelf in the houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like thoſe of the ancients, continually ſmoking, but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flanked on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: The walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty matchlock muſket or two, which we were informed had ſerved in the civil wars. Here is one vaſt arched window beautifully darkened with divers ſcutcheons of painted glaſs: One ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a knight whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſhed with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I cannot but ſigh to think that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a ſtone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an owl flew hither and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them; theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner,

for

for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole called the chaplain's ſtudy: Then follow a brew-houſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the ſervants hall, and by the ſide of it up ſix ſteps, the old lady's cloſet for her private devotions; which has a lettice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the ſame time as ſhe prayed, ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty-ſix apartments, among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead, or a cyder-preſs.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vaſt vault to the top of the houſe; where one aperture ſerves to let out the ſmoke, and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horrour of this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the country-people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a-year the Devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted tiger ſtuffed with ten-penny tails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms: You never paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In moſt of theſe rooms there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachne ſpins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only forniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flawed ceilings, broken windows,

windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decayed, that after a favourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabbins of packet-boats. Theſe rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders them worthy of this ſeat, for the very rats of this venerable houſe are gray: Since theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant theſe poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never ſeen half what I have deſcribed, but for a ſtarched grey-headed ſteward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family-picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we paſſed from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particulary curious, when we came to the cellar: He informed us where ſtood the tripple rows of butts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hooped hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (ſays he, "with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once maſter of "all this drink. He had two ſons, poor young "maſters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; "they both fell ill in this very room, and never "went out on their own legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhow us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nailed up, and our guide whiſpered to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: It ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interruped about two centuries ago, by a freak

of

of the Lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the *Adultery-chamber*. The ghoſt of Lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a farthingale through the key-hole; but this matter is huſhed up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſcription: But what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preſerve the memory of that, which itſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof! Any one that ſees it will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe to endeavour to converſe with the beſt of them, and ſhall therefore as ſoon as poſſible tell you in perſon how much I am, etc.

LETTER XII.

The D. of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE.

YOU deſire my opinion as to the late diſpute in France concerning Homer: And I think it excuſeable (at an age alas! of not much pleaſure) to amuſe myſelf a little in taking notice of a controverſy, than which nothing is at preſent more remarkable (even in a nation who value themſelves ſo much upon the Belles Lettres), both on account of the illuſtrious

ſtrious ſubject of it, and of the two perſons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adverſary. The other a lady (and of more value for being ſo) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that ſort of it which moſt becomes her ſex for ſoftneſs, genteelneſs, and promoting of virtue; and ſuch as (one would think) is not ſo liable as other parts of ſcholarſhip, to rough diſputes, or violent animoſity.

Yet it has ſo happend, that no writers, even about divinity itſelf, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than theſe two polite authors; by ſuffering their judgements to be a little warped (if I may uſe that expreſſion) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend ſo great an author under debate. I wiſh, for the ſake of the public, which is now ſo well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at laſt in their agreeing to blame a third man who is ſo preſumptuous as to cenſure both, if they ſhould chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judged, that the beſt of all poets certainly deſerved a better tranſlation, at leaſt into French proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in verſe was deſpaired of: I believe indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence ſuitable to ſo very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this taſk as well as proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong ſide of tapeſtry is able to repreſent the right *), ſhe has added to it alſo many learned and uſeful annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own ſex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and conſequently her adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder therefore, if, in doing this, ſhe is

* A thought of Cervantes.

grown

grown ſo enamoured of that unſpeakably-charming author, as to have a kind of horrour at the leaſt mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deſervedly famous for all ſorts of lyric poetry, was ſo far introduced by her into thoſe beauties of the epic kind, (though but in that way of tranſlation), as not to reſiſt the pleaſure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verſe, which had been applauded ſo much for the difficulty of doing it even in proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extremely tranſcend the other.

But, as great poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excuſed for vanity on all occaſions, he was not content to outdo M. D'Acier, but endeavoured to outdo Homer himſelf, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the ſame enterpriſe; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt this preſumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times ſo well defended, as not to need my ſmall aſſiſtance; yet, I muſt needs ſay, his excellencies are ſuch, that for their ſakes he deſerves a much gentler touch for his ſeeming errours. Theſe if M. de la Motte had tranſlated as well as the reſt, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration; his judgement, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the beſt of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at ſome odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay his divine ones, which almoſt ſurpriſe me at finding them any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to gueſs what can be the reaſon of theſe exceptions againſt Homer, from one who has himſelf tranſlated him, contrary to the general cuſtom of tranſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be ſin-

gular, in getting above the title of a tranſlator, though ſufficiently honourable in this caſe. For ſuch an ambition, nobody has leſs occaſion, than one who is ſo fine a poet in other kinds; and who muſt have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himſelf: Though no man in this age ſeems more capable of being a good one, if the French-tongue would bear it. Yet in his tranſlation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that hers can be ever paralleled with it.

Beſides, he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the moſt eaſy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing ſhows ſo much ſkill and taſte both as the being thoroughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt excellencies.

What can we ſay in excuſe of all this? *Humanum eſt errare:* Since as good a poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as ſharp a critic as any nation can produce, has by too much cenſuring Homer ſubjected a tranſlation to cenſure, that would have otherwiſe ſtood the teſt of the ſevereſt adverſary.

But ſince he would needs chuſe that wrong way of criticiſm, I wonder he miſſed a ſtone ſo eaſy to be thrown againſt Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with ſo much ſlaughter, (for that is to be excuſed, ſince a war is not capable of being deſcribed without it), but with ſo many various particulars of wounds and horrour, as ſhew the writer (I am afraid) ſo delighted that way himſelf, as not the leaſt to doubt his reader being ſo alſo. Like Spanioletta, whoſe diſmal pictures are the more diſagreeable for being always ſo very movingly painted. Even Hector's laſt parting from his ſon and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragged thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his ſtrongeſt objection about that diſmal combat, has ſufficient cauſe to blame his enraged adverſary; who here gives an inſtance that it is impoſſible to be violent without

without committing ſome miſtake; her paſſion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a diſpute about that very poet for whom I have the greateſt veneration.

M. D'Acier might have conſidered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to ſo bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely even after the vain attempts of Plato himſelf againſt it: Cauſed only perhaps by a like reaſon with that of Madam D'Acier's anger againſt M. de la Motte; namely, the finding that in proſe his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime heights of poetry, which therefore he baniſhed out of his commonwealth.

Nor were theſe objections to Homer any more leſſening of her merit in tranſlating him as well as that way is capable of, *viz.* fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt admirable verſes can be any diſparagement to as excellent proſe.

The beſt excuſe for all this violence is, its being in a cauſe which gives a kind of reputation even to ſuffering, notwithſtanding ever ſo ill a management of it.

The worſt of defending even Homer in ſuch a paſſionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the firſt ſight of Achilles? whoſe terrible aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſeable fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's reſtoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excuſing Hector's ſo terrible apprehenſion at the very firſt.

LETTER XIII.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honoured by your Grace's compliance with my requeſt, in giving me your opinion of the French diſpute concerning Homer. And I ſhall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I diſagree from you. It is but in two or three very ſmall points, not ſo much of the diſpute, as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite ſo highly of the lady's learning, though I reſpect it very much. It is great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her huſband. To inſtance no further, his remarks on Horace ſhew more good ſenſe, penetration, and a better taſte of his author, and thoſe upon Ariſtotle's art of poetry more ſkill and ſcience, than any of hers on any author whatever *. In truth, they are much more ſlight, dwell more in generals, and are, beſides, for the moſt part leſs her own; of which her remarks upon Homer are an example, where Euſtathius is tranſcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in thoſe upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were moſt wanted) upon Ariſtophanes, only the Greek ſcholia upon the latter are ſome of the beſt extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to ſee them; yet I have had ſo much of the French complaiſance as to conceal her theſts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the caſe in ſome hundreds), I have barely quoted the true proprietor without obſerving upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever ſeen my obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct; but

* This is a juſt character of that excellent critic's writings.

what

what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not anſwer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in ſuppoſing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's epic poetry, but what he learned from Madam D'Acier's proſe-tranſlation. There had been a very elegant proſe-tranſlation before, that of Monſieur de la Valterie; ſo elegant, that the ſtyle of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great diſpoſition of finding faults in the one, and of confeſſing none in the other: But doubtleſs, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate, or ſenſible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the diſpute; and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the beauty of his verſe (in which you have the ſuffrage too of the Archbiſhop of Crambray), I will venture to ſay, his proſe is full as good. I think therefore, when you ſay, no diſputants even in divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than theſe two authors, your are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe of the paſſions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the ſame intereſts go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animoſities, and even perſecutions, about variety of opinions in criticiſm, as ever they did about religion: And that, in defect of ſcripture to quarrel upon, we ſhould have French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terance, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhocked at the flight of Hector upon the firſt appearance of Achilles in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However, (to ſhew myſelf a true commentator, if not a true critic), I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it in my notes on that book.

And

And to ſave myſelf what trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the ſubſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſeparate paper, which I will ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that Hector was in an abſolute certainty of death, and depreſſed over and above with the conſcience of being in an ill cauſe. If your heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the ſpirit of a hero, you will at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may. But I can tell your Grace, no leſs a hero than my Lord Peterborough, when a perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer: "Sir, ſhew me a "danger that I think an imminent and real one, "and I promiſe you I will be as much afraid as any "of you."

I am your Grace's, etc.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old diſtreſſed courtier, commonly the moſt deſpiſable thing in the world. This blow has ſo rouſed Scriblerus, that he has recovered his ſenſes, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicſome and gay, he is turned grave and moroſe. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, caſes, petitions, and abundance of unanſwerable letters. I wiſh to God they had been among the papers of a noble Lord ſealed up. Then might Scriblerus have paſſed for the Pretender, and it would have been a moſt excellent and laborious work for the Flying Poſt or ſome ſuch author, to have allegoriſed all his adventures into a plot, and found out myſteries ſomewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the ſecond door on the left hand in Dover-ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr. Parneile,

nelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half-pint of claret. It is with ſome pleaſure that he contemplates the world ſtill buſy, and all mankind at work for him. I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries. I will add no more, being in haſte, only that I will never forgive you if you cannot uſe my aforeſaid houſe in Dover-ſtreet with the ſame freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendſhip was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, ſo I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongſt the number of friends and humble ſervants.

LETTER XV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I Am glad your travels delighted you; improve you, I am ſure, they could not: You are not ſo much a youth as that, though you run about with a King of ſixteen; and (what makes him ſtill more a child) a king of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, ſpent in attendance upon death, which has ſeized one of our family: My mother is ſomething better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one compared with my mother's, becauſe my life is not of half the conſequence to any body that hers is to me. All theſe incidents have hindered my more ſpeedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you inquire of, is of as little concern to me as you deſire it ſhould; namely, the railing papers about the Odyſſey. If the book has merit, it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty ſcandal; as the ſun puts an end to ſtinks, merely by coming out.

I wiſh

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more; an honeſt mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one. To break its peace, there muſt be ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own principles. Not but malice and injuſtice have their day, like ſome poor ſhort-lived vermin that die in ſhooting their own ſtings. Falſehood is folly, (ſays Homer), and liars and calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even in this world: In the next it is charity to ſay, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I have had an occaſion to make theſe reflections of late more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent perſon who I am ſure ſhares your friendſhip no leſs than I do. No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly or reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe act by herſelf, or from herſelf; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the head guided by the tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of OXFORD.

My Lord, *Oct.* 21, 1721.

Your Lordſhip may be ſurpriſed at the liberty I take in writing to you; though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with ſome others who better deſerved it. I hope you will not wonder I am ſtill deſirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful ſervant; but I own I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me ſo, which is the occaſion I give your Lordſhip the trouble of this.

this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publiſhing theſe few remains of his; I have a ſtrong deſire to make them, their author, and their publiſher, more conſiderable, by addreſſing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleaſure in bearing teſtimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps which at leaſt is as excuſable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honeſt verſes to the book. I ſend the book itſelf, which I dare ſay, you will receive more ſatisfaction in peruſing, than you can from any thing written upon the ſubject of yourſelf. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for ſuch an addition to it. All I ſhall ſay for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and ſhall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: For I will not bow the knee to a leſs man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to ſee no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordſhip will tell my Lord Harley that I muſt not do this, you may depend upon a ſuppreſſion of theſe verſes, (the only copy whereof I ſend you), but you never ſhall ſuppreſs that great, ſincere, and entire reſpect, with which I am always,

My Lord,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR, *Bramton-caſtle, Nov.* 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remembered by thoſe we highly value. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes incloſed? My mind reproached me how far ſhort I came of what your great friendſhip

friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me. You aſk my conſent to publiſh it: To what ſtraits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, etc. I ſhould be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendſhip; and ſince your affection is too hard for your judgement, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact copy of the verſes, that I may keep the original, as a teſtimony of the only errour you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in London, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am

Your, etc.

OXFORD.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

From 1714, to 1725.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

Aug. 27, 1714.

WHATEVER ſtudies on the one hand, or amuſements on the other, it ſhall be my fortune to fall into, I ſhall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The taſk I undertook *, though of weight enough in itſelf, has had a voluntary increaſe by the enlarging my deſign of the *notes* †; and the neceſſity of conſulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford. But I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I ſhall be more converſant with the pleaſures and company of the place, than with the books and manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the negligence of the geographers in their maps of old Greece, ſince I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But, with all the care I am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few ſitua-

* The tranſlation of Homer's Iliad.

† The notes on the Iliad were his own; thoſe on the Odyſſey were Dr. Broome's.——But they ſpeak their reſpective authors.

tions. I have been forced to write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, that, were my epiſtle intercepted, it would raiſe no ſmall admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce an order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſuch and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch and ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, and raiſe another in another country. I have ſet bounds to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, Thus far ſhalt thou advance, and no further *. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of loſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of a country-juſtice †. To diſarm me indeed, may be but prudential, conſidering what armies I have at preſent on foot, and in my ſervice. A hundred thouſand Grecians are no contemptible body: For all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thouſand prieſts; and they ſeem proper forces to ſend againſt thoſe in Barcelona. That ſiege deſerves as fine a poem as the Iliad; and the machining part of poetry would be the juſter in it, as, they ſay, the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their aſſiſtance. May I venture to ſay, who am a Papiſt, and ſay to you who are a Papiſt, that nothing is more aſtoniſhing to me, than that people ſo greatly warmed with a ſenſe of liberty, ſhould be capable of harbouring ſuch weak ſuperſtition, and that ſo much bravery and ſo much folly can inhabit the ſame breaſts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, moved by the common curioſity of mankind, who leave their own buſineſs to be looking upon other mens. I thank God, that, as for myſelf, I am below all the accidents of ſtate-changes by my circumſtances, and above them by my philoſophy. Common charity of man to man, and uni-

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our author in his obſervations on the ſecond Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force againſt the Papiſts.

verſal

verſal good-will to all, are the points I have moſt at heart; and I am ſure thoſe are not to be broken for the ſake of any governours or government. I am willing to hope the beſt; and what I more wiſh than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the diviſions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at leaſt hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people may live as quietly as we ſhall certainly let theirs; that is to ſay, that want of power itſelf in us may not be a ſurer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am ſure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the ſpirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that ſpirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with ſo wicked a ſpirit as that of perſecution.

I agree with you in my ſentiments of the ſtate of our nation ſince this change. I find myſelf juſt in the ſame ſituation of mind you deſcribe as your own; heartily wiſhing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy diviſions of mankind by party-ſpirit, which at beſt is but the madneſs of many for the gain of a few.

I am, etc.

LETTER II.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee your letter, dear Sir, written in a ſtyle that ſhews you full of health, and in the midſt of diverſions. I think thoſe two things neceſſary to a man who has ſuch undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking ſo much pains about the ſituation of his hero's kingdoms. It will not only be of great uſe with regard to his works,

but to all that read any of the Greek hiſtorians; who generally are ill underſtood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one another contradicts another. You are going to ſet us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly ſee you ingroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to pleaſe without their leave; and zealots will ſhrug up their ſhoulders at a man that pretends to get to heaven out of their form, dreſs, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad, (if I may venture to coin ſuch a word). I fancy you would find a juſter parallel than it ſeems at firſt ſight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them, when I read the wiſe reſult of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about reſtoring Helen, Priam ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſtition in ſacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum religio potuit, etc.

I have a good opinion of my politics, ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteady a diſpoſition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news, with the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illuſtrious King. My views carry me no farther,

farther, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentatives above, and to Divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me, who ſit at the helm, provided they will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor Papiſts; we ought in recompenſe to cultivate as many virtues in ourſelves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a ſincere friend is one of the chief: Yet I will confeſs that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome of my deſcendents know, that their anceſtor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preſerve peace and quiet among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the North? what ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? however it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I do not remember you and I ever uſed to trouble ourſelves about politics; but

when any matter happened to fall into our diſcourſe, we uſed to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the diſturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me; and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the Echo at your eaſe. Indeed we are forced to do ſo, becauſe we cannot hear the firſt report, and therefore are obliged to liſten to the ſecond; which, for ſecurity's ſake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus. I longed to imitate him a little; and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both. I find myſelf very well in this way hitherto; and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am perſuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner, and with all ſincerity, Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I Know of nothing that will be ſo intereſting to you at preſent, as ſome circumſtances of the laſt act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as ſoon as his life was deſpaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together thoſe two ſacraments, which,

which, wiſe men ſay, ſhould be the laſt we receive; for, if you obſerve, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechiſm, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, ſatisfied in the conſcience of having by this one act paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and ſhown an heroic reſentment of the ill-uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady, diſcharged thoſe debts; a jointure of four hundred a-year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himſelf as well as he could, with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged eſtate. I ſaw our friend twice after this was done, leſs peeviſh in his ſickneſs than he uſed to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much aſhamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedſide, and earneſtly entreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances of conſenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never mar-"ry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley ſhewed his, even in this laſt compliment; though I think his requeſt a little hard, for why ſhould he bar her from doubling her jointure on the ſame eaſy terms?

So trivial as theſe circumſtances are, I ſhould not be diſpleaſed myſelf to know ſuch trifles, when they concern or characteriſe any eminent perſon. The wiſeſt and wittieſt of men are ſeldom wiſer or wittier than others in theſe ſober moments. At leaſt, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: And Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a play-wright,

——— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

I am, etc.

LET-

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I Am juſt returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and paſſed a week in the Foreſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I muſt acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which make it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by moon-ſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe ſatisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the company of ſeparate ſpirits, when we ſhall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happineſs of minds can ſurely be nothing but knowledge.

The higheſt gratification we receive here from company, is mirth; which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhameful art of loſing time. What we here call Science and Study, are little better: The greater number of arts to which we apply ourſelves, are mere gropping in the dark; and even the ſearch of our moſt important concerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can, what without all this ſolicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the caſe of futurity. It is not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the ſtate of ſouls

ſhall

ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own ſtate happy. We cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high ſcience, Divinity, you will be ſo civil as to imagine I lay no mighty ſtreſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other uſe, than horſes of the bells that gingle about their ears, (though now and then they toſs their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your obſervations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that, but for opinions like theſe which I diſcovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and, I believe, not leſs to your ſatisfaction: For, if I know you right, your pleaſure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, That the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have ſenſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of Nature in her variations, makes me think you have not conſtrued Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verſe which precedes that which you quote. *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the Roman-Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty ſure you and I ſhould no more make good inquiſitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for lictors to Procruſtes, when he converted refractory members with the rack.

In

In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly ſaid, That I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I Find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to ſpeaking, but to writing too. The more time we give ourſelves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at ſuch a ſeaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy viſit to a perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of ſorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things ſacred, to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary ſuffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being ſpirited up into honour, or, like a weak woman, praiſed into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and men ſhould know, that the noble power of ſuffering bravely is as far above that of enterpriſing greatly, as an unblemiſhed conſcience and inflexible reſolution are above an accidental flow of ſpirits, or a ſudden tide of blood. If the whole religious buſineſs of mankind be included in reſignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now ſome people who give us as good an opportunity of practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an inſtance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppreſſed, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperiour to thoſe who injure him: For the greateſt power on earth can no ſooner do him that injury,

jury, but the brave man can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating conſolations in a calamity of ſo much glory, one might ſay, that to be ruined thus in the groſs, with a whole people, is but like periſhing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the moſt heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppreſſed as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet more oppreſſed. If there are too many who cannot be aſſiſted, but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counſel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulneſs. The misfortunes of private families, the miſunderſtandings of people whom diſtreſſes make ſuſpicious, the coldneſſes of relations whom change of religion may diſunite, or the neceſſities of half-ruined eſtates render unkind to each other; theſe at leaſt may be ſoftened in ſome degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourſelves; if all thoſe who have your principles of belief, had alſo your ſenſe and conduct. But indeed moſt of them have given lamentable proofs to the contrary; and it is to be apprehended, that they who want ſenſe, are only religious through weakneſs, and good-natured through ſhame. Theſe are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in eſſentials; their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſſed conſcientious French refugee at this inſtant. What muſt my concern then be, when I perceive ſo many anxieties now tearing thoſe hearts, which I have deſired a place in, and clouds of melancholy riſing on thoſe faces which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and what others are yet too ſtupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for ſo many additional inconveniencies and chagrins,

more

more than their ſmall remain of life ſeemed deſtined to undergo; and with the young, for ſo many of thoſe gaieties and pleaſures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the widow and the fatherleſs, late of —. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer ſenſe of others misfortunes, or a more generous reſignation as to what might be their own; ſo I earneſtly wiſh, that whatever part they muſt bear, may be rendered as ſupportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous. I find by a letter of your lady's, (which I have ſeen), that their eaſe and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is ſome fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windſor-foreſt, of which I am come to take my laſt look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as thoſe who go to be hanged do their fellow-priſoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr. D** with tenderneſs; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be removed himſelf.

Perhaps now I have learned ſo far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva;

my next leſſon may be,

Nos patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſhamed of each other. I know I wiſh my country well; and if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

LET-

LETTER VII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOur letters give me a gleam of ſatisfaction, in the midſt of a very dark and cloudy ſituation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes muſt either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically ſpeaking, I ſhould lament the loſs Windſor-foreſt and you ſuſtain of each other; but that, methinks, one cannot ſay you are parted, becauſe you will live by and in one another, while verſe is verſe. This conſideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you; ſince you have the pleaſure of the proſpect whenever you take it from your ſhelf, and at the ſame time the ſolid caſh you ſold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in thoſe days, and which will make every place eaſy to you. I, for my part, am not ſo happy. My *parva rura* are faſtened to me, ſo that I cannot exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of ſubſiſtence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* ſupportable to me: It is what I am reſolved on, with my *Penate*. If therefore you aſk me, to whom you ſhall complain? I will exhort you to leave lazineſs and the elms of St. James's Park, and chuſe to join the other two propoſals in one, ſafety and friendſhip, (the leaſt of which is a good motive for moſt things, as the other is for almoſt every thing), and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paltry conſtables ſummon us to veſtries.

The future epiſtle you flatter me with, will find me ſtill here; and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reaſons to make me regret my home will be, that I ſhall not have the pleaſure of ſaying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requieſcere noctem;

which would have rendered this place more agreeable, than ever elſe it could be to me: For I proteſt, it is with the utmoſt ſincerity that I aſſure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1717.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuſe in behalf of a negligent correſpondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot ſay whether it is a felicity or unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when, without that employment, my thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the violence, madneſs, and reſentment of modern war-makers *, which are likely to prove (to ſome people at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my ſcene of life, from Windſor-foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, be one of the grand æra's of my days, and may be called a notable period in ſo inconſiderable a hiſtory; yet you can ſcarce imagine any hero paſſing from one ſtage of life to another, with ſo much tranquillity, ſo eaſy a tranſition, and ſo laudable a behaviour. I am become ſo truly a citizen of the world, (according to Plato's expreſſion), that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amuſements paſt are not more like a dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent. I lie in a refreſhing kind of inaction; and have one comfort at leaſt from obſcurity, that the darkneſs helps me to ſleep the better. I now and then reflect

* This was written in the year of the affair of Preſton.

upon

upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as ſeparate ſpirits do us, at tender intervals; neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours: But in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world, is to grow philoſophical, or religious, (which ſoever of thoſe turns we chance to take): And indeed the world is ſuch a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natured. So the moſt politic way is to ſeem always better pleaſed than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in ſhort greater fools, than we really are: So ſhall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our maſters, and happy with our miſtreſſes. I have filled my paper, and ſo adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the bleſſed conſcience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where your are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be the better pleaſed to find I conſider you in this light, than if I compared you to thoſe Greeks and Romans, whoſe conſtancy in ſuffering pain, and whoſe reſolution in purſuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this ſide the water. I beg, if your health be reſtored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of ſervice and good advice to the poor Papiſts, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to thoſe folks that were

to be drowned at laſt. At the worſt, I heartily wiſh your ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land ſafely after the deluge upon the ſhore of Totneſs.

If I durſt mix profane with ſacred hiſtory, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandring Trojan, who found on that very coaſt the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth, (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the tranſlation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an hiſtorian; and told me, he was perfectly aſtoniſhed, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe thoſe of our ſaints. I am forced to make a fair compoſition with him; and, by crediting ſome of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him ſo far already, that he ſpeaks reſpectfully of St. Chriſtopher's carrying Chriſt, and the reſuſcitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aſide Homer for a week! and when I take him up again, I ſhall be very well prepared to tranſlate, with belief and reverence, the ſpeech of Achilles's horſe.

You will excuſe all this trifling, or any thing elſe which prevents a ſheet-full of compliment: And believe there is nothing more true, (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is falſe), than that I have a conſtant affection for you, and am, etc.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugine over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Chriſtian intereſt; though your couſin of Oxford (with whom I dined yeſterday) ſays,

ſays, there is no other difference in the Chriſtians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Chriſtians, than whether the Emperor ſhall firſt declare war againſt Spain, or Spain declare it againſt the Emperor.

LETTER X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE queſtion you propoſed to me is what at preſent I am the moſt unfit man in the world to anſwer, by my loſs of one of the beſt of fathers *.

He had lived in ſuch a courſe of temperance as was enough to make the longeſt life agreeable to him, and in ſuch a courſe of piety as ſufficed to make the moſt ſudden death ſo alſo. Sudden indeed it was. However, I heartily beg of God to give me ſuch a one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua eſt ea cura*, etc.

He has left me to the tickliſh management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of ſuch an humane turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſirable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever; at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere letter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſo no more, but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

* See Mr. Pope's epitaph on his father and mother vol. II. p. 20.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Glouceſterſhire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOur kind letter has overtaken me here; for I have been in and about this country ever ſince your departure. I am well pleaſed to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her anceſtors, whoſe faces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir Chriſtopher Guiſe, who, being in his ſhirt, ſeems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demoliſh Duke Lancaſtere. I dare ſay your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the manſion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and ſlopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and riſing woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile amuſements which engaged her ſo many years ago in this place. I fancied I ſaw her ſober over a ſampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe early times; "Remembered her Creator in the days of "her youth."

You deſcribe ſo well your hermitical ſtate of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine ſpring, or any of the accommodations that befit a ſolitary. Only I do not remember to have read, that any of thoſe venerable and holy perſonages took with them a lady, and begat ſons and daughters. You muſt modeſtly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I ſhould rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be ſo romantic, I ſhall turn hermit in good earneſt; for I ſee one may go ſo far as to be poetical, and hope to ſave one's ſoul at the ſame time. I really wiſh myſelf ſomething more, that is, a prophet; for I wiſh I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and viſit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging

ging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend: I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham; and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOur very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon "be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, "which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Salton said one day to me. "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I "am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or to "fear, for my life or death. It is the only reason "I have to repent being a single man; now I grow "old, I am like a tree without a prop, and with-

out

" out young trees to grow round me, for company " and defence."

I hope the gout will ſoon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards except the gout. Pray come, and never ſtir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, caſt them to dirty people, ſuch as in the Scripture-phraſe poſſeſs the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane: The ounce,
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!———

But, I believe, Milton never thought theſe fine verſes of his ſhould be applied to a man ſelling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main I think it may have ſome reſemblance. For, God knows! this little ſpace of ground nouriſhes, buries, and confines us, as that of Edin did thoſe creatures, till we can ſhake it looſe, at leaſt in our affections and deſires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you. Let Mrs. Blount know that ſhe is in the liſt of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's, etc.* My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brighteſt, waſtes faſteſt. I am (as you will ſee from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayeſt nor eaſieſt humour, but always with ſincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the juſtice to think no man is more your ſincere well-wiſher than myſelf, or

or more the ſincere well-wiſher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another ſo well; and for enjoying the ſweets of that life, which can only be taſted by people of good-will.

They from all ſhades the darkneſs can exclude,
And from a deſert baniſh ſolitude.

Torbay is a paradiſe, and a ſtorm is but an amuſement to ſuch people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the ſea, it is preferable to an aſſembly; and the whiſtling of the wind better muſic to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the ſpleenful, ambitious, diſeaſed, diſtaſted, and diſtracted ſouls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are baniſhed from us! but happier they who can baniſh themſelves, or more properly baniſh the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very ſublime, and to include more than a hundred ſentences that might be writ to expreſs diſtraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual buſineſs of having no buſineſs to do. You will wonder I reckon tranſlating the Odyſſey as nothing. But whenever I think ſeriouſly, (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſions of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe), I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhould go on gingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

Life's vain amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim God of Hell!

ſaid a Heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a Chriſtian Biſhop, who has, firſt by his exhortations, and ſince by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reaſonable creature—but he is gone!

I remem-

I remember I promiſed to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt day I have been myſelf, and paſs over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correſpondent I ſhall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: But he knows, I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

Twickenham, June 2, 1725.

YOU ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you or yours, I aſſure you, the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturbed, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto. I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee through my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open temple, wholly compoſed of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down through a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as through a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming

forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene. It is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower paſſage two porches, one towards the river of ſmooth ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden ſhadowed with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of,

Hujus Nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
Rupere; ſi bibas, ſive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep;
Ah ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You will think I have been very poetical in this deſcription, but it is pretty near the truth *. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it

* He had greatly enlarged and improved this grotto not long before his death: and, by incruſting it about with a vaſt number of ores and minerals of the richeſt and rareſt kinds, had made it one of the moſt elegant and romantic retirements that was any where to be ſeen. He has made it the ſubject of a very pretty poem of a ſingular caſt and compoſition.—See this poem, vol. II. p. 312.

owes

owes to art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it.

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I Should be aſhamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more aſhamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuſe, which is worſe than a lie; (for being built upon ſome probable circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of truth to falſify with, and is a lie guarded). Your letter has been in my pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the ſuit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find, by ſo doing, that I have not enough conſidered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendſhip, as they ſay of good writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a ſhort one, but a violent. I am now well; ſo it ſhall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The ſummer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradiſical ſcene among groves and gardens: But at this ſeaſon, we are, like our poor firſt parents, turned out of that agreeable though ſolitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houſes, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtored, and riſen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, laughing at greatneſs, merry over a Chriſtmas fire, and exerciſing all the functions of an old patriarch in charity and hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs. B** what I think ſhe

is

is doing: For I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and ſhe will allow herſelf to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to deſire to ſhine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have ſome other thoughts, which even their mother muſt excuſe them for, becauſe ſhe is a mother. I will not however ſuppoſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them, and aſſiſt the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raiſe up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, and happy, juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that, I wiſh you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man; next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wiſh well to the good and the deſerving, and deſire they only ſhould be my companions and correſpondents, I muſt very ſoon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haſte to town, ſo as not again to leave us. Diſcharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which the poets ſay the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: Leave earth to the ſons of the earth; your converſation is in heaven. Which that it may be accompliſhed in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this ſhort ſermon; value (to you) three pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

The HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1714, to 1727.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY *.

June 2, 1717.

I Had pleaſed myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your phyſicians †. They are as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let them laugh, but people will ſtill have their opinions. As they think our doctors aſſes to them, we will think them aſſes to our doctors.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill Dr. Evans ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the world, I would not give ſixpence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: Moſt men of wit or honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean: So I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you ſhall; however, be comforted, and reflect, that you will make the better buſto for it.

* See Mr. Pope's epitaph on him and his ſiſter, vol. II. p. 317.

† Aſſes.

It

It is ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has ſince done me great credit with ſeveral people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham ſome diſkindneſs, in ſhewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a ſcandal, that men ſhould write with contempt of a piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two poets did, who were ignorant even of the ſex, as well as ſenſe of Gorboduc *.

Adieu! I am going to forget you. This minute you took up all my mind; the next I ſhall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briſeis. I ſhall be Achilles's humble ſervant thoſe two months, (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition ſo ſtrong at preſent, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furniſh out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expreſſed how heartily I wiſh the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preſerve me in the day of battle, which is juſt approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

London, March, 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myſelf in correſponding with men of good nature and good underſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your letters till a time, when another man would be aſhamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that ſpirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian

* There is a correct edition of it in that valuable collection of old Plays publiſhed by Dodſley.

ague, I mean the ſpirit of goodneſs, pray never ſtint it in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare truſt you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not: And expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the reſt of this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with conceits all over; you ſhould be put out of breath with laughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each period, to look back over how much wit you have paſſed. But I have found by experience, that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching. The moſt we can hope, is to be heard juſt with decency and patience, once a-week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the only place we ſeem alive at! There indeed we ſtare, and roar, and clap hands for King George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obſolete train, ſo ill-dreſſed, that men, women, and children hiſs them out of all good company. Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in your company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us. She pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ſeeing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have ſaid her prayers before; talks, without any manner of ſhame, of good books, and his not ſeen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other day to ſee a libel on her toilette; which gives me ſome hope, that you have, at leaſt, a taſte of ſcandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the joys

of

of this city, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you would keep your happineſs to yourſelves, that the happieſt here may not die with envy at a bliſs which they cannot attain to.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, April 17, 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your deſcription of the town, I imagine it to lie under ſome great inchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, ſince you do not fly thoſe horrible monſters, rapine, diſſimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot eſcape. We are here in the country in quite another world, ſurrounded with bleſſings and pleaſures, without any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible faculties. Indeed we cannot boaſt of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good-humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but juſt like a raree-ſhow; we have a curioſity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and ſplendour at this diſtance: It appears to us a fine glittering ſcene; which if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to perſuade us of the humility of Virtue, and her appearing in rags amongſt you, we can never believe. Our uninformed minds repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſarily annex Splendour to her, and we could as ſoon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you, we indeed read the ſpoils of rapine as boys do the Engliſh Rogue, and hug our-

ſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

YOU will think me very full of myſelf, when after long ſilence (which however, to ſay truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding a ſeſſion of parliament; one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account; and ſo I ſee it in mine. I have plagued myſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſigned four very laborious and uncommon ſort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publiſh two only; the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have alſo been obliged to leave unfiniſhed in my deſk the heads of two eſſays, one on the theology and morality of Homer, and another on the oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muſt wait for future editions, or periſh: And (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good memorials of you as your ſiſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord Digby muſt be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family,

mily, to make all elder ſons wiſh they had fathers to their lives end.

I cannot touch upon the ſubject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a ſincere, hearty, old-faſhioned reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her ſon for not having writ to you oftener to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? my Lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſt this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnſon of Twickenham is) in this warmer ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of flowers: Our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thankſgiving ſongs for the new habitations I have made them; my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? So little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams, by Tuſcan porticoes, or Ionic pilaſters.

But (to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle) the beſt account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as yourſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour (at this public-houſe on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurpriſed with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere

mere jeſt! Building, gardens, writings, pleaſures, works of whatever ſtuff man can raiſe! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is immortal! Dear Sir,

I am, etc.

LETTER V.

From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two poſts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any teſtimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a moſt idle weak imagination to think I could ſo offend you. Of all the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſome ſhare of your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter. That your mother remembers me, is a very ſincere joy to me. I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourſelves obliged as thoſe that have received one. This is indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be found out of your houſe. I have great hopes however, to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince you have made our age in love with Homer. I heartily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your having finiſhed Homer, while the two eſſays you mention are not completed; but if you expect

no

no great trouble from finiſhing theſe, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have ſome faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here ſee round me. The verdure of ſhowers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the ſong of birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and ſee all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of theſe at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I gueſs what an increaſe of charms it muſt now have. How kind is it in you to wiſh me there, and how unfortunate are my circumſtances, that allow me not to viſit you? If I ſee you, I muſt leave my father alone; and this uneaſy thought would diſappoint all my propoſed pleaſures. The ſame circumſtance will prevent my proſpect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurſt's wood, and I fear of ſeeing you till winter; unleſs Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which caſe I ſhall preſs you to ſee Dorſetſhire, as you propoſed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico.

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and converſation is, I find, quite changed ſince I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever aſtoniſhed a philoſopher ſo much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in converſation. All ſcandal will ſure be laid aſide; for there can be no ſuch diſeaſe any more as ſpleen in this new golden age.

I am

I am pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing nothing but a general good-humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the univerſal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was ſoon content; and that you cared not for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health; for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind deſire to know the ſtate of my health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whoſe ſhort eſchantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the ſhort glimpſe of a viſion afforded to ſome devout hermit; for it includes (as thoſe revelations do) a promiſe of a better life in the Elyſian groves of Cirenceſter, whither, I could ſay almoſt in the ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us all, etc. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one bliſsful bower; thither may health, peace, and good-humour wait upon us as aſſociates; thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called Spaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould not forget the green veſtments and ſcarfs which your ſiſters promiſed to make for this purpoſe. I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your ſide, and a green hat,

hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's deſcription of King James I.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can ſuffice, to expreſs how infinitely I eſteem, value, love, and deſire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, ſubſcribers, projectors, directors, governours, treaſurers, etc. etc. etc. *in ſæcula ſæculorum!*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miſerable mercenary period; and turn yourſelf, in a juſt contempt of theſe ſons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: In which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water gruel and Palladio.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburn, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden Age; for ſure this muſt be ſuch, in which money is ſhowered down in ſuch abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral Golden Age to us. I have ſome omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muſes delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a firſt miniſter, I cannot but expect from ſuch an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you deſire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is ſet up and worſhipped; and if you cannot effect it, adieu to all ſuch hopes. You ſeem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our paſſions in the pleaſurable purſuit of them, though aſſiſted by this increaſe: If ſo, and if monſters only as various as

thoſe

thoſe of Nile ariſe from this abundance, who that has any ſpleen about him will not haſte to town to laugh? What will become of the playhouſe? who will go thither, while there is ſuch entertainment in the ſtreets? I hope we ſhall neither want good ſatire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuſes, for none has ever produced better ſubjects.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public ſpirit ſo much admired in old Rome, of ſacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have ſuffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is ſaid to be undone by it. But I hope the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the public to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſides yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoice in your ſufferings *; ſince they have ſhown me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment, I aſſure you I expect from it a performance greater ſtill than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendour. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

* See note on ver. 133. ſat. 2. book 2. of Horace, in vol. II. p. 41.

I long

I long to ſee you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will ſay nothing of Lord Bathurſt's wood, which I ſaw in my return hither. Soon after Chriſtmas I deſign for London, where I ſhall miſs Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to ſtay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to ſuffer by this reſolution; and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cauſe. The man is curſed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen; yet I can uſe it with pleaſure to ſend my ſervices to your good mother, and to write myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will ſtay there a fortnight or more. Perhaps you would be comforted to have a ſight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby. She needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal buſineſs and amuſement of mind, and even as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift obſerved to me the very firſt time I ſaw the Doctor) "he is a "man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes alſo to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The ſpirit of philanthropy, ſo long dead to our world, is revived in him: He is a philoſopher all of fire; ſo warmly, nay ſo wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be ſo too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a ſtar that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would ſerve a friend, yet he

is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy ſerve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquiſitions and loſſes, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former laſting or ſatisfactory); ſo at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have loſt another, a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. It is certain the loſs of one of this character puts us naturally upon ſetting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays Seneca, is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in human life, or ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and proſpect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would ſtand alone, the ſole remaining ruin, the laſt tottering column of all the fabric of friendſhip once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried?

I am, etc.

LETTER XI.

I Have belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleaſed that I am arrived in ſafety at Twickenham; though it is a ſort of earneſt that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Coleſhill: For however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them. I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to compriſe a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady Scudamore from you, as I fear, ſhe will do herſelf before this letter reaches you: So I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if ſhe lives as well as you do: Though I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly. I ſuſpect the bells will be ringing at her arrival,

and

and on her own and Miſs Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the clergy in the country come to pay reſpects; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young lady, further buſineſs and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lady Conningſby, and on the other Mr. W**. Yet I ſhall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, his ſervant, as you are his ſon, or he your father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and deſire Mr. Philips to remember me in his cyder, and to tell Mr. W** that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young ladies, whom I almoſt robbed of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they ſhall like beſt, for the ſake of the man that bears it).

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

1722.

YOUR making a ſort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame; but I know I did not intend to be ſo, and (what is the happieſt knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me; for, ſure, nothing is more ſatisfactory, than to be certain of ſuch a friend as will overlook one's failings, ſince every ſuch inſtance is a conviction of his kindneſs.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to riſe to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle diſpoſition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myſelf, and fully purpoſe to make you a viſit this ſummer at Sherburne.

I am told you are all upon removal very ſpeedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of ſeeing my Lord Bathurſt's wood in her way. How much I wiſh to be her guide through that inchanted foreſt, is not to be expreſſed. I look upon myſelf as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the receſſes of thoſe ſacred ſhades. I could paſs whole days, in only deſcribing to her the future, and as yet viſionary beauties, that are to riſe in thoſe ſcenes; the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them; nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through ſecret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they riſe and celebrate their marriage in the midſt of an immenſe amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of poſterity, a hundred years hence. But till the deſtined time ſhall arrive that is to manifeſt theſe wonders, Mrs. Digby muſt content herſelf with ſeeing what is at preſent no more than the fineſt wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town reſort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, etc. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more cloſely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like thoſe of Sparta, attend their ſons to the field, to be the witneſſes of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms diſplayed, provoke the ſpirit of the ſoldiers. Tea and coffee ſupply the place of Lacedæmonian black broth. This camp ſeems crowned with perpetual victory, for every ſun that riſes in the thunder of cannon, ſets in the muſic of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the conſtant preſence of the Princeſs to repreſent the *mater exercitus*.

At

At Twickenham the world goes otherwiſe. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own ſort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and will not ſo much as ſuffer me to look upon them. The perſon I complain of, is the Biſhip of Rocheſter. Yet he allows me (from ſomething he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old ſect of moraliſts) to write three or four ſides of paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe ſort of people never tell but with truth and religious ſincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

THE ſame reaſon that hindered your writing, hindered mine, the pleaſing expectation to ſee you in town. Indeed, ſince the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with, as well as grieve), I could the better bear your abſence from London, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick room hither from the firſt embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not ſo much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the goodnature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmeſt in the houſe. We and our fires will equally ſmile upon your face. There is a Perſian proverb that ſays (I think very prettily), "The converſation of a friend brightens "the eyes." This I take to be a ſplendour ſtill more agreeable than the fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-ſide in the metaphorical ſenſe, that is, all thoſe of your family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honeſt heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and falſe ſplendours, of an aſſembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and falſe faces); this is my ſincere wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much pleaſure in ſeeing ſome new faces about town of my acquaintance. I gueſs you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I aſſure you, you ought to take as much pleaſure in their hearts, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful ſervant.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Cannot return from ſo agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often; and ſhall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when abſent from it. As you are poſſeſſed of all the pleaſures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wiſh you but health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do, that I ſhould be even glad to hear your good old mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled, and ſhall be ſo, till I hear you have

have received this letter: For you gave me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any wiſe deſerve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and eſteem for you; ſo truly, that I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure of my life if I loſt your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the claſs of honeſt men: For though I am not troubled over much about the opinion moſt may have of me, yet I own it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and ſome few others. I will not doubt my own ſtrength; yet I have this further ſecurity to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your eſteem with it.

Perpetual diſorder and ill health have for ſome years ſo diſguiſed me, that I ſometimes fear I do not to my beſt friends enough appear what I really am. Sickneſs is a great oppreſſor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, ſtifling its warmth, and not ſuffering it to break out in action. But I hope I ſhall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that pleaſe me too, though not ſo well grounded. Theſe are, that you may yet make a journey weſtward with Lord Bathurſt; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reaſon, becauſe I would not part with the pleaſure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed I remember him, as one that has made ſickneſs eaſy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the ſame manner that you have always done. I often too conſider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inſeparable. I have, as you gueſs, many philoſophical reveries in the ſhades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and, like a good genius, applaud and ſtrengthen all my ſentiments that have honour in them. This

good

good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I muſt acknowledge now, that my own breaſt may not reproach me with ingratitude, and diſquiet me when I would muſe again in that ſolemn ſcene. I have not room now left to aſk you many queſtions I intended about the Odyſſey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulyſſes on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing elſe that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden-plants? how look the trees? how ſpring the brocoli and the fenochio? hard names to ſpell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had of pleaſure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full, and ſpares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours; ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is Digby. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Oct. 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiſcovered country, from whoſe bourn no traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for ſix or ſeven days.—But here you have me now, and that is all I ſhall ſay of it: Since which time an impertinent lameneſs kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate ſhould ſay, (after the other dangerous illneſs), "You ſhall neither go into the other world, "nor any where you like in this." Elſe who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conſpire in your ſentiments, emulate your pleaſures,

ſures, wiſh for your company. You are all of one heart and one ſoul, as was ſaid of the primitive Chriſtians: It is like the kingdom of the juſt upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a ſet of tried, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have ſeen evil men and evil days, and have, by a ſuperior rectitude of heart, ſet yourſelves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end ſuch a millenary year in London? tranſmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other creatures, in that ſcene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in ſenſe and reaſon triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the moſt innocent, and the leaſt warped by idle faſhion and cuſtom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every ſoul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I deſire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miſs Scudamore's *. I am confident, if ſhe would or durſt ſpeak her ſenſe, and employ that reaſoning which God has given her, to infuſe more thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe arguments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, and keep you out of town, like people ſenſible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if ſhe can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas †, the ſeat of all earthly happineſs, and the new Jeruſalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year, the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo. It is the beſt time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the proſpects begin to open,

* Afterwards Ducheſs of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a ſettlement in Bermudas for the propagation of Chriſtian faith, and introduction of ſciences into America.

through

through the thinner woods, over the valleys; and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and ſcatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholeſome: What would you have? The moon ſhines too, though not for lovers theſe cold nights, but for aſtronomers.

Have ye not reflecting teleſcopes *, whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt, (for what I have ſaid before relates only to the ladies: do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs), ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking ſanhedrim, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will deſpiſe good advice, and reſolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their ſervant; you know I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

Auguſt 12.

I Have been above a month ſtrolling about in Buckinghamſhire and Oxfordſhire, from garden to garden, but ſtill returning to Lord Cobham's with freſh ſatisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B**'s improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like the waters of Riſkins, and the woods of Oakly together, which (without flattery) would

* Theſe inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.

be

be at leaſt as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradiſe of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare ſay, Lord B** has, becauſe they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *extravagante bergerie*; and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather inclining on a bank, fatigued with over much dancing and ſinging at his unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I know your love of eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philoſophical to be a philoſopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's maxims is, That a total abſtinence from intemperance or buſineſs, is no more philoſophy, than a total conſopition of the ſenſes is repoſe; one muſt feel enough of its contrary to have a reliſh of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you ſhall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your converſion to her, but indiſpoſition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you: For as to vice, you are ſafe; but folly is many an honeſt man's, nay every good-humoured man's lot: Nay, it is the ſeaſoning of life; and fools (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the earth: A little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is juſtly called the Devil.

So much for your diverſions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradiſe, it is ſuch perfect union and ſociety as you all poſſeſs. I would have my innocent envies and wiſhes of your ſtate known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and eſteem. My Lord Digby has in me a

ſincere

ſincere ſervant, or would have, were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it.

LETTER XVII.

Dec. 28, 1724.

IT is now the ſeaſon to wiſh you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: But both theſe you know how to make yourſelf, by only continuing ſuch a life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not: The firſt are too modeſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-faſhioned, or too private, to conſtiute any part of the vanity or reputation of the preſent age. However, it were to be wiſhed, people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in caſe any of them ſhould by chance come into faſhion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats, (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins).

They tell me, that at Coleſhill certain antiquated charities and obſolete devotions are yet ſubſiſting; that a thing called Chriſtian cheerfulneſs, (not incompatible with Chriſtmas-pies and plum-broth), whereof frequent is the mention in old ſermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice; that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good houſekeeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourſcore miles; and, laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef actually make ſome people as happy, as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I aſſure you, men, women, and children have done with theſe things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Inſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: We have cunning for prudence, rapine for juſtice, time-ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance.

perance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the caſe is juſt as I tell you where people underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them ſenſible which of theſe is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country-way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading, and exerciſe, and come into our meaſures? I wiſh (I ſay) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to -

Your affectionate, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Dear, SIR, *April* 21, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, expreſs what part I bear in your ſufferings. Nature and eſteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction. The latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendſhip approaches near to the tenderneſs of nature: Yet, God knows, no man living is leſs fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply ſenſible than myſelf of the greatneſs of the loſs. That very virtue which ſecures his preſent ſtate from all the ſorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandize our ſenſation of its being removed from our ſight, from our affection, and from our imitation. For the friendſhip and ſociety of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was ſo, I take his very removal to be a proof. Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that

ſo much wants them, as long as in its juſtice to them it could ſpare them to us. May my ſoul be with thoſe who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I ſhall be with him. Let us preſerve his memory in the way he would beſt like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each juſt as we think he would have done; ſo we ſhall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope, when we ſhall meet him next, we ſhall be more of a piece with him, and conſequently not to be evermore ſeparated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourſelf and me, ſince ſo valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes, and affections for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and ſhall (I aſſure you in the ſincerity of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at your ſervice while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myſelf.

N. B. *Mr. Digby died in the year* 1726, *and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorſetſhire, with an epitaph written by the author*, vol. II. p. 317.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Dr. ATTERBURY *, Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

From the Year 1716, to 1723.

LETTER I.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Dec. 1716.

I RETURN your preface †, which I have read twice with pleaſure. The modeſty and good ſenſe there is in it, muſt pleaſe every one that reads it: And ſince there is nothing that can offend, I ſee not why you ſhould balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing ſaid there which you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter: Of which you yourſelf are the beſt, and the only judge. This is my ſincere opinion, which I give, becauſe you aſk it: And which I would not give, though aſked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being ſenſible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpoſe in things of this nature; which I never underſtood well, and now underſtand ſomewhat leſs than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; eſpecially ſince you have had the goodneſs often, and patiently, to hear what I have ſaid againſt rhyme, and in behalf of blank verſe; with little diſcretion perhaps, but, I am ſure, without the leaſt prejudice: Being myſelf equally incapable of writing well in either of thoſe ways, and leaning therefore to neither ſide of the queſtion, but as the appearance of reaſon inclines me. Forgive me this

* See Mr. Pope's epitaph on him, vol. II. p. 321.

† The general preface to Mr. Pope's poems, firſt printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

errour, if it be one; an errour of above thirty years ſtanding, and which therefore I ſhall be very loath to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you; or, if I do, ſhall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I Hoped to find you laſt night at Lord Bathurſt's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* * with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he ſhould ſee you, I depoſited the book in his hands: Out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurſt got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc ſhould ſtill miſs his way to you, others are to anſwer for it; I have delivered up my truſt. I am not ſorry your *Alcander* † is burnt. Had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the firſt page, and put it, with your leave, among my curioſities. In truth, it is the only inſtance of that kind I ever met with, from a perſon good for any thing elſe, nay for every thing elſe to which he is pleaſed to turn himſelf.

Depend upon it, I ſhall ſee you with great pleaſure at Bromley; and there is no requeſt you can make to me, that I ſhall not moſt readily comply with. I wiſh you health and happineſs of all ſorts, and would be glad to be inſtrumental in any degree

* A tragedy written in the reign of Edward VI. (and much the beſt performance of that age), by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorſet, and Lord Treaſurer to Queen Eliſabeth. It was then very ſcarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodſley in Pall-Mall.

† An heroic poem writ at 15 years old.

towards

towards helping you to the leaſt ſhare of either. I am always, every where, moſt affectionately and faithfully

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1723.

I HAVE nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy ſubject, with an account of which the printed papers have furniſhed me, but what you have already ſaid to yourſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own eaſe and happineſs. You have it now in your power, to purſue that method of thinking and living which you like beſt. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you, that there is no man living, who wiſhes you better, or would be more pleaſed to contribute anywiſe to your ſatisfaction or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be reviſed, and augmented, in ſeveral places, as the title-page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſſages altered, and added by the author, beſide what you mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer, and the majeſty of Virgil, with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal to the allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatneſs and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the

colouring. What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a ſerious truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet my hand to it:

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continued ſo ill that he received no meſſages; oblige me ſo far as to let me know how he does: at the ſame time I ſhall know how you do, and that will be a double ſatisfaction to

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

The Answer.

My Lord, *Nov.* 20, 1717.

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that wiſh both my ſpiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is true, I have loſt a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God, another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi*—and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

—— *nequeam lacrymas perſerre parentis.*

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but ſure it is a virtuous one: at leaſt I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point whatever.

—— *Ignaram*

——Ignaram hujus quodcunque periculi
——Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this ſeparation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure, (for an adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity). Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows. This I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy: but I think it would not be ſo to *renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read the beſt controverſies between the churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books): there was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James II. I warmed my head with them; and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read. I am afraid moſt ſeekers are in the ſame caſe; and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as outwitted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another, and that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you. It is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy,

fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and beſides, it is a real truth, I have leſs inclination (if poſſible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſreliſh of all that the world calls ambition. I do not know why it is called ſo; for to me it always ſeemed to be rather *ſtooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to prefer the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtered: and where they err, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt; for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the Papal power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute prince, I would be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee, are, not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties. You ſee, my Lord, I end like a preacher. This is *ſermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever

Your, etc.

LET-

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have ſome time ago received the ſulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as inſtances how (ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promiſed to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lorſhip may criticiſe from Virgil to theſe Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you. The fate of the South-ſea ſcheme has, much ſooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Moſt people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man conſidered it would come *like a thief in the night*; exactly as it happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſhed the avaricious, as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf. The thirſt of gain was their crime, that thirſt continued became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had, (among whom is your humble ſervant), I would have them ſenſible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who, after half his eſtate was ſwallowed by the *directors* of thoſe days, reſolved that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt?

Men ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed

Indeed the univerſal poverty, which is the conſequence of univerſal avarice, and which will fall hardeſt upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The univerſal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men. But it is ſome comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to ſurvive, and rule the world by it. I am much pleaſed with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's. He ſays, the government and South-ſea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy, (as is uſual in the caſe of lunatics), and intend to reſtore them as much as may be fit for ſuch people, as faſt as they ſhall ſee them return to their ſenſes.

The latter part of your letter does me ſo much honour, and ſhews me ſo much kindneſs, that I muſt both be proud and pleaſed, in a great degree: but I aſſure you, my Lord, much more the laſt than the firſt. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart which truly reſpects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the leaſt ſymptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the beſt reaſon I know for my being pleaſed, is, that you continue your favour toward me; the beſt I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be ſuch a phyſician as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the ſincereſt eſteem, and moſt grateful acknowledgment,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever ſince I returned hither from

from Weſtminſter on Saturday night laſt. It has found its way into my hands as well as legs, ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the firſt letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus litoris*, as Tully ſays, Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine about the monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October; by which time I think of ſettling there for the Winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO.

CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To ſhew ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair as you yourſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Buſto above—may not lines like theſe be grav'd under the name?

This SHEFFIELD *rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt;*
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praiſe is impertinent, and Cenſure vain.

This

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, though it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you ſhould not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almoſt ever ſince they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I ſhall read while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eaſtern manners, are yet, upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance, (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding), that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens, which at firſt glance may ſurpriſe and pleaſe a little; but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportioned, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images: but I think the purchaſe is made at two great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleaſure, would be as dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which, I dare ſay, I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croiſe* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but obſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of dreſs, furniture, *etc.* I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am ſorry I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect of the S. Sea; ſorry, I mean, as far as your loſs is concerned: for, in the general, I ever was, and ſtill am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flouriſhed,

flouriſhed, it would by degrees have overturned our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that whichſoever way it had leaned, muſt have borne down all before it.—But of the dead we muſt ſpeak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden ſays ſomewhere, *Peace be to its manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventured, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries! a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by ſuch means, could not, I perſuade myſelf, be perfectly eaſy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourſelf gladder you are well than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recovered it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your verſes *: and with the freedom of an honeſt, though perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you, that though I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's elſe but yours, yet, as they are yours, and to be owned as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſhed fame: but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt, vol. ii. p. 314.

more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourſelf: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, though I have a motion of conſequence in the houſe of Lords to-day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe, having no other at hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt heartily; and am ever

Yours, etc.

I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reaſoner of that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is called — what that means in Engliſh or French, I cannot ſay — but all he ſays, is in ſo looſe, and ſlippery, and trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes.—

To be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of Truth and Falſehood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſhed from each other. Could that bleſſed point be made out, (as it is a contradiction in terms to ſay it can), we ſhould then be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched ſtate in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad to exchange my Reaſon, with a dog for his Inſtinct, to-morrow.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Lord Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr. POPE.

Dec. 6, 1722.

I CANNOT but ſuſpect myſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the incloſed. Your friendſhip draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I cauſed the Latin epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve of it.

When once your epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendſhip, and, I aſſure myſelf, you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *denied*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear, (*viz.*) renounced, deſerted, *etc.* *Denied* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great uneaſineſs, or more good-nature, than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſider them.

HARCOURT *ſtands dumb, and* POPE *is forc'd to ſpeak.*

I cannot perfectly, at leaſt without further diſcourſing you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt part of that line; and the word *forced* (which was my own, and, I perſuade myſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you) ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended; and let me ſee you any morning next week.

I am, etc.

LETTER IX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 21, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bedchamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unleſs when company to whom I cannot excuſe myſelf, comes, which I am not ill pleaſed to find is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ſunny part of the year: what muſt I expect, when

inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum?

If theſe things be done in the green tree, what ſhall be done in the dry? Excuſe me for employing a ſentence of Scripture on this occaſion; I apply it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanry this Winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health; which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing that you ſay in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and poſſeſſed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not beſtowed it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember them, becauſe you forget nothing.

With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhymes and words (*appear and clear*) that the couplet but one after that does;—and therefore in my

Waller

Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

So lightnings in a ſtormy air
Scorch more, than when the ſky is fair.

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements; and you will ſay true: for at preſent I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave; elſe I would have done it, to have ſhewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he deſired, at the feet of Spenſer, and I will take care to make good in every reſpect what I ſaid to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promiſed him ſhould never appear on his tomb, while I was Dean of Weſtminſter.

I am pleaſed to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's. May both continue till I ſee you! May my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot ſend a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs, and yet I am ſure I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

From the ſame.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithſtanding I write this on Sunday-even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet I foreſee it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning. And before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my Winter-quarters at the Deanry. I hope,

did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire; and, God knows, that is far from being the caſe. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii* or *Seboſi* of my neighbourhood: characters, which Tully paints ſo well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle; which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurpriſed to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon. He has been ſick, I know, of ſome late tranſactions; but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I propheſy it will be quite off by the beginning of November. A letter or two from his London friends, and a ſurfeit of ſolitude, will ſoon make him change his reſolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the Winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require, my attendance at Weſtminſter; where, I hope, the prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candleſtick. In ſhort, I long to ſee you, and hope you will come, if not a day, at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now, I thank God, as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: and I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe. But that is a vain thought; I expect a new attack long before Chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the

the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcouraged from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text. I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of; but none that will interfere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, etc.

P. S. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by a * dead man to † a dead man; and even that the new ‡ patron to whom Tickell choſe to inſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they were publiſhed. Had I been in the editor's place, I ſhould have been a little apprehenſive for myſelf, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You ſee, when I am converſing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

* Mr. Addiſon. † Mr. Craggs. ‡ Lord Warwick.

LET-

LETTER XI.

My Lord, *Feb.* 8, 1721-2.

IT is ſo long ſince I had the pleaſure of an hour with your Lordſhip, that I ſhould begin to think myſelf no longer *amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myſelf ſo in my conſtant thoughts of you. In thoſe I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wiſh and hope one day to ſee you really) in my garden at Twit'nam. When I went laſt to town, and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordſhip was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I ſincerely wiſh you whatever you wiſh yourſelf, and all you wiſh your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is juſt to tell you ſo, till in perſon I find you as I deſire, that is, find you well. Eaſy, reſigned, and happy you will make yourſelf, and (I believe) every body that converſes with you; if I may judge of your power over other mens minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over thoſe of Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to deſire of you a complete copy of thoſe verſes on Mr. Addiſon *; ſend me alſo your laſt reſolution, which ſhall punctually be obſerved in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again ſolicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece of your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much: it

* An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the au h r's ſurpriſe, who never would give any.

has

has pleaſed every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part, I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneered at in a line or ſo, for the ſake of the pleaſure I ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talked my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice; and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you, I cannot ſay: But it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhowing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame; which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleaſed ſometimes to read what was written by his humble ſervant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the Deanry, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you; and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no leſs account your own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: For I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noiſe and daily buſtle for the public be now over, I dare ſay, a good man is ſtill tendering its welfare; as the ſun in the winter when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better

ſeaſon.

ſeaſon. No man wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you ſhould underſtand the value of it: But I do not wiſh you a jot leſs concerned or leſs active than you are in all ſincere, and therefore warm deſires of public good.

I beg the kindneſs (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as ſoon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper viſit of a day or two: For hitherto I have not been your viſitor, but your lodger, and I accuſe myſelf of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town, (a point of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me), but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you ſo, (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity), I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-ſea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I cannot tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhould be troubled a-new by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas*;—that you may teach me how to do the ſame; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a great man.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend, (or under what other denomination ſoever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo, I hope, every day that we live: For, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myſelf, beſt when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was placed: But God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am ſtill leſs in love with it than ever,

ever, as I find leſs temptation to act with any hope of ſucceſs. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been ſpent, and perhaps muſt be ſpent, far otherwiſe. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my poſt, or in any reſpect, how little ſoever I may like my employment, and how hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſcharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleaſed to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart deſpiſe: Let them think as they will, ſo I might be at liberty to act as I will, and ſpend my time in ſuch a manner as is moſt agreeable to me. I cannot ſay I do ſo now; for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not uſe them to my ſatisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner *: And how long or how little a while it may be ſo taken up, God only knows; and to his will I implicitly reſign myſelf in every thing.

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

My LORD, *March* 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely ſenſible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in abſence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourſelf on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good-will, and of the warmth which is in you inſeparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh inſtance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to ſhew

* In his lady's laſt ſickneſs.

you

you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthened in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles, (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion.)

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retired, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy yourſelf (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the fathers of the deſert. Here you may think, (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worſt work *),

That in Eliah's banquet you partake,
Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel, at his Pulſe.

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſire I ſhould, and approve of your not having your coach here; for if you would ſee Lord C** or any body elſe, I have another chariot, beſides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-ſhell; but if you would be entirely private, nobody ſhall know any thing of the matter. Be-

* The *Paradiſe regained*. Suppoſed to be in compliment to the Biſhop, it could never be his own opinion.

lieve

lieve me, (my Lord), no man is with more perfect acquieſcence, nay with more willing acquieſcence, (not even any of your own ſons of the church),

Your obedient, etc.

LETTER XVI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNder all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach to write to you. The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ſhift to flatter myſelf ſometimes with the thought, that it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reaſon, does for a few moments make me eaſy — however not eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any thing, but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not anſwer your kind letter. I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do ſo, no conveniencies will be wanting: For I will ſee nobody but you and your mother, and the ſervants. Viſits to ſtateſmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) inſipid things. Let the men that expect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they ſhall hear of me at their doors; when they want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much, and I ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both of us keep our diſtance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only. A preſident of the council, or a ſtar and garter, will make no more impreſſion upon my mind, at ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the ſight of a puppet-ſhow. I have ſaid to Greatneſs ſome time ago, — *Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we ſhall

all be upon the level: and I am reſolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue, and leſs pride; and then I will court them as much as any body: But till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are: Though I truſt in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking;—when I ſat down to write, I intended only to excuſe myſelf for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I muſt diſlodge; I am preparing for it: For I am this moment building a vault in the Abbey, for me and mine. It was to be in the Abbey, becauſe of my relation to the place; but it is at the weſt door of it; as far from Kings and Cæſars as the ſpace will admit of.

I know not but I may ſtep to town to-morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will coſt you nothing, and that our privilege of franking (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allowed us.

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough, that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments

compliments be laid aſide between us for the future: and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effaced.

Lord * * has preſſed me terribly to ſee him at * *, and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſhed, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my ſun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far, as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like. If they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply myſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing myſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like: For that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; though I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myſelf; when I ſat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure without my telling you, that my right-hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation at the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards

employing me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourſelf: and believe, that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earneſt on ſuch an occaſion than I; for I love you, as well as eſteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain, and a fine thruſh have been ſeverally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain: Nor ſhould I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf, frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too faſt hold on me.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

From the ſame.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written firſt, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my inquiries how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord **, and delivered my civil reproach to him in the manner I deſired? I ſuppoſe you did not, becauſe I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as, I ſuppoſe, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am ſick of theſe men of quality; and the more ſo, the oftener I have any buſineſs to tranſact with them. They look upon it as one of their diſtinguiſhing privileges, not to be punctual in any buſineſs, of how great importance ſoever; nor to ſet other people at eaſe with the loſs of the leaſt part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

I long to ſee the original MS. of Milton: But do not know how to come at it without your repeated aſſiſtance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what paſſed in the coach about Samſon Agoniſtes. I ſhall not preſs you as to time; but ſome time or other, I wiſh you would

would review and poliſh that piece. If upon a new peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a ſtory taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIX.

July 27.

I Have been as conſtantly at Twitenham as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever, ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moraliſe one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.—

The Ducheſs's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe. I muſt keep clear of flattery; I will: And as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope, your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touched with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one friend], your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Chriſtian plainneſs, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage; and that all offerings of friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I have repreſented to her, that an inſcription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it.

* The Ducheſs of Buckingham.

And ſo I hope ſhe will be ſatisfied, the Duke's honour be preſerved, and my integrity alſo: Which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in conſideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or diſtinction whatever, which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to overrate, but never ſo much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind tranſition you make from common buſineſs, to that which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not ſo much as I ought. I am pleaſed with thoſe Latin verſes extremely, which are ſo very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian cento, and then I recollected the *diſjecta membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am ſo totally in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be. You tell me I have them, as the civilleſt method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, firſt, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good profane writers, eſpecially the moraliſts, etc. before I can be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and ſublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and charity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide to

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Ducheſs * juſt as you deſired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the ra-

* Ducheſs of Buckingham.

ther,

ther, becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: And if it had not been ſo, you yourſelf ſhould not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay; eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concerned: But ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanry, and I believe I ſhall ſtay there, till I have ſaid "Duſt to duſt," and ſhut up that laſt ſcene of pompous vanity *.

It is a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of year, and I know I ſhall often ſay to myſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In that caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus entreating me,

At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare—

Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an anſwer for me ſomewhere in Hamlet to this requeſt, which you remember, though I do not. *Poor Ghoſt! thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!* — or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I ſhould always, could I always be here —

——————Sed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

* This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Auguſt 1722.

You

You are the firſt man I ſent to this morning, and the laſt man I deſire to converſe with this evening, tho' at twenty miles diſtance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR, *The Tower, April* 10, 1723.

I THANK you for all the inſtances of your friendſhip, both before and ſince my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs to me; and will pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that I ſtill live in your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no diſtance of time or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you ſo; as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful ſervices to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he ſent me; which was much to the purpoſe, if any thing can be ſaid to be to the purpoſe, in a caſe that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be ſuch, that neither my friends need bluſh for me, nor will my enemies have great occaſion of triumph, though ſure of the victory. I ſhall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I queſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary towards the diſpatch of my private affairs. If ſo, God bleſs you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to ſay ſomewhat about my way of ſpending my time at the Deanry, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing plots and conſpiracies. But

of

of that I ſhall conſider——You and I have ſpent many hours together upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and, that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now till I have cloſed this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without ſome degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, etc.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
The world was all before him, where to chuſe
His place of reſt, and Providence *his guide.*

LETTER XXII.

The Anſwer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for ſome time paſt; and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt comfort I had, was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey; to which I had brought that perſon to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong, than that of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authoriſe it, or ſecret conveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whiſper or even the wiſh of a friend muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected: by this way, I dare tell my eſteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to know me for the

the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me; and aſſuring me, it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice: the inſtruments of your fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the public even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon *. Is it not the latter, the diſgraced part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chuſe to have lived?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But, God knows, I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country, (ſo torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftener, or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs that we feel for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent ſpirits, who, though we never ſee or hear

* Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt works in his baniſhment; but the beſt of Bacon's were written before his diſgrace, and the beſt of Tully's after his return from exile.

them,

them, we think, are conſtantly ſerving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you, I ſhall conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have diſtinguiſhed me, how cordially you have adviſed me! In converſation, in ſtudy, I ſhall always want you, and wiſh for you: in my moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours, I ſhall equally bear about me the impreſſions of you: and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I ſhall have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the friendſhip of the Biſhop of Rocheſter.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

May 17, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promiſed, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! The curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good-night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back on agreeable converſation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your ſtudies; they will

tend

tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all poſterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life, but a cenſure or critic on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: The boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it. To ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs, and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: Higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered

entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects †. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to say something; and the reputation of an history ‡ which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it ‖. Whether that happens

* The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, on the 15th day of February, in the year 1732.

† Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Bishop's death, that, during his banishment, he was in the intrigues of the Pretender: though, when he took his last leave of Mr. Pope, he told him, he would allow him to say his sentence was just, if he ever found he had any concerns with that family in his exile.

‡ Earl of Clarendon's.

‖ The Bishop's name, set to his vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the publication of Lord Clarendon's history. Paris, 1731, 4to, since reprinted in England.

or not, it is fit you ſhould have a ſight of it, who, I know, will read it with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, as it is mine, though it ſhould have (as it really has) nothing elſe to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto:* for that may well be the caſe, conſidering that within a few months I am entering into my ſeventieth year; after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wiſe, much deſire it. Whenever I go, you will loſe a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumſtances I can be ſaid to be loſt to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilſt living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himſelf in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiſs that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promiſed more than I was able to perform. Diſgraced men fancy ſometimes, that they preſerve an influence, where when they endeavour to exert it, they ſoon ſee their miſtake. I did ſo, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You ſounded the coaſt, and found out my errour, it ſeems, before I was aware of it. But enough on this ſubject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Do you purſue the moral plan you marked out, and ſeemed ſixteen months ago ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuſe to leave the marks of your friendſhip, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and ſea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them.

them. The catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours when the glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſpend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation. They are not of ſo much worth perhaps in themſelves as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon. I do ſo, my dear friend; and yet think the moſt precious minutes of my life are well employed, in reading what you write. But this is a ſatisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore muſt betake myſelf to others leſs entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was neceſſary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have ſuffered in the eſteem of the world by declining it.

My reſpects to your mother. I ſend one of theſe papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My country at this diſtance ſeems to me a ſtrange ſight; I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midſt of the ſcene, and yourſelf a part of it; I wiſh you would tell me. You may write ſafely to Mr. Morice, by the honeſt hand that conveys this, and will return into theſe parts before Chriſtmas; ſketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I ſhould not, like the chemiſt in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, deſire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and muſt love my country, with all its faults and blemiſhes; even that part of the conſtitution which wounded me unjuſtly, and itſelf through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear to me. My laſt wiſh ſhall be like that of father Paul, *Eſto perpetua!*

and when I die at a diſtance from it, it will be in the ſame manner as Virgil deſcribes the expiring Peloponneſian,

Sternitur,————
————*et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos.*

Do I ſtill live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-ſquabbles about me, and am glad to ſee ſuch free conceſſions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleaſure, but merely of loading another.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

On the death of his Daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I AM not yet maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with leſs than that, whenever I converſe with you. My thoughts are at preſent vainly, but pleaſingly employed, on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, et pene ſuccubui.* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to ſomething of uſe and moment; if I have ſtill life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preſerving.

ſerving. In the mean time I ſhall be pleaſed to hear, that you proceed in what you intend, without any ſuch melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents; your knowledge and judgment are at the height: Uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the preſent and future times, and if not gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things; but chuſe a ſubject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody elſe can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

——Gelidus tardante ſenecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the ſouth of France, much more than I did at Paris; though even there I ſenſibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier; where, after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to Toulouſe; and even there I had miſſed the perſon I ſought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garrone to ſee me, which ſhe above all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that means ſhe was brought where I was, between ſeven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſſed in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character. For ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me, in thoſe few hours, greater marks of du-

ty and love than she had done in all her lifetime, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me; and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope, that he who laid the burthen upon me, (for wise and good purposes no doubt), will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

I am, etc.

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End of the Fifth Volume.